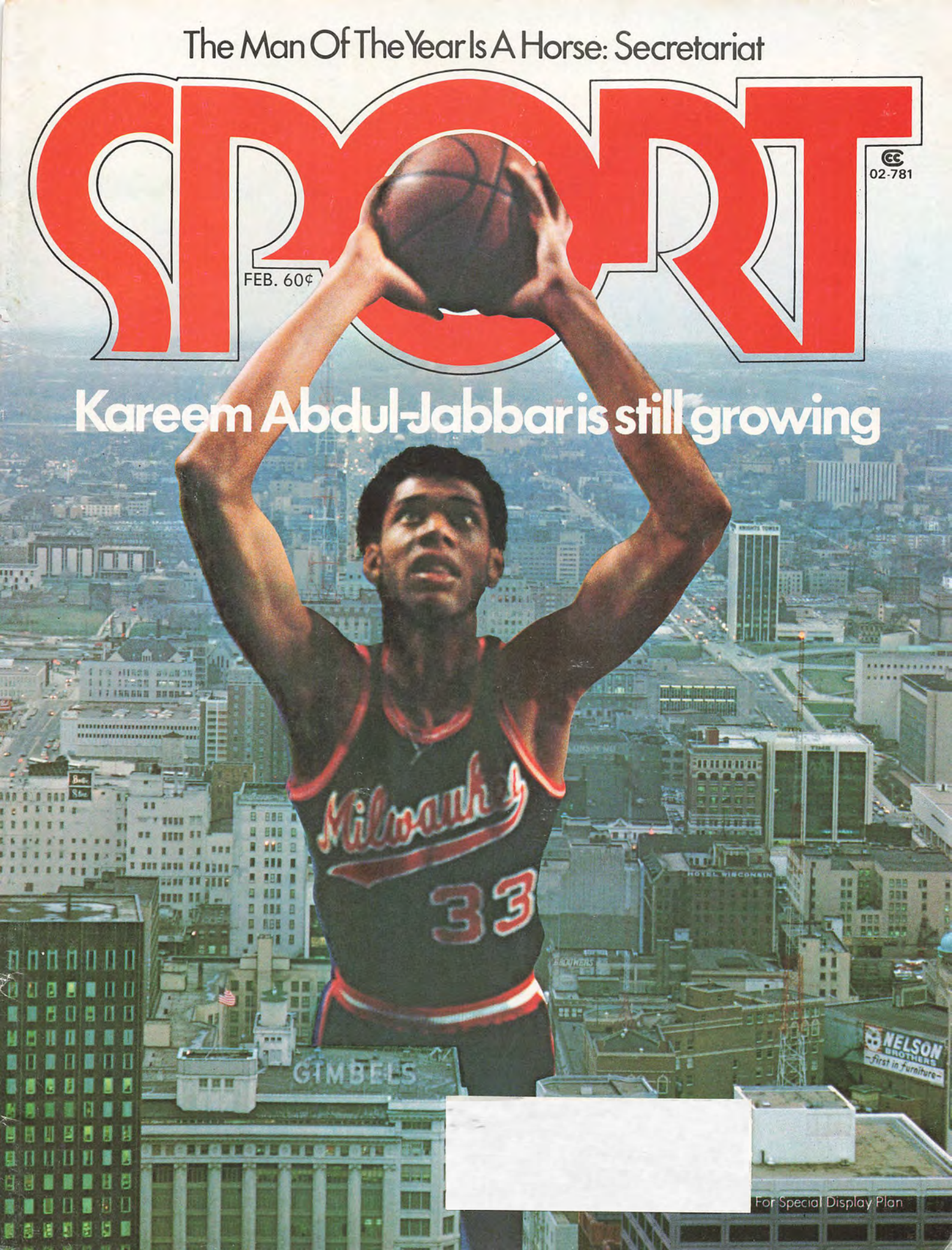
The Man Of The Year Is A Horse: Secretariat

SPORT

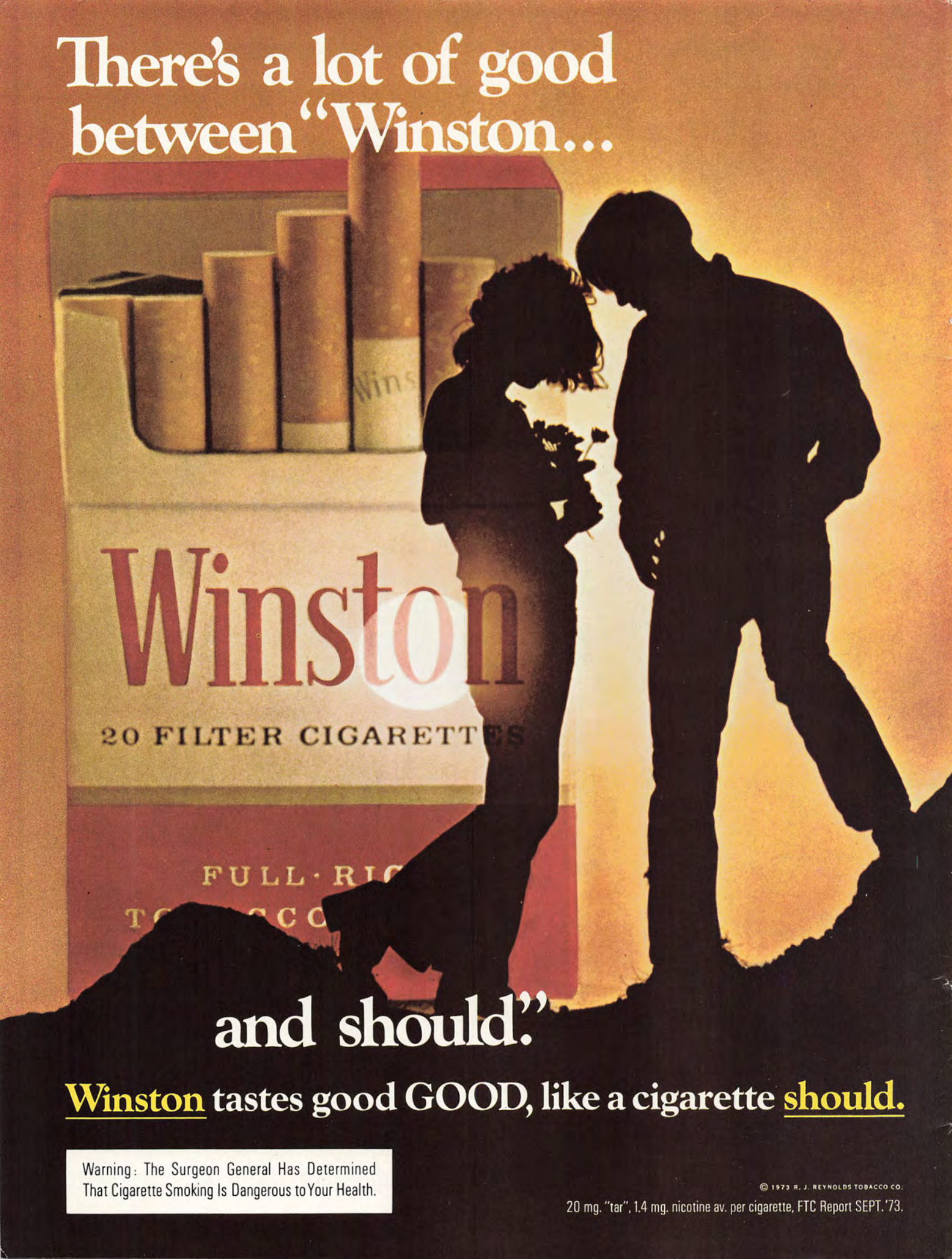
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FEB. 60¢



Kareem Abdul-Jabbar is still growing

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SPORT

28TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION FEBRUARY 1974 VOL. 57, NO. 2

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COVER CREDIT

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar BRUCE CURTIS

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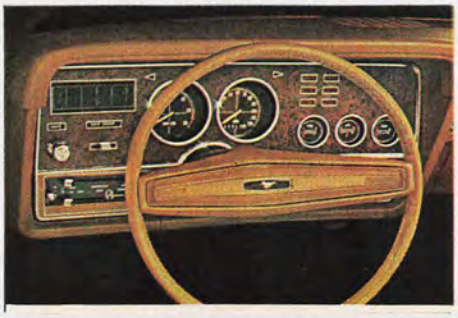
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Special luxury interiors, featuring elegant seat fabrics and patterns, 25 ounce cut-pile carpeting, special door panel with courtesy lights, and more.

- ☐ An exciting 2.8 liter V-6 engine.
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TWO-DOOR HARDTOP



THREE-DOOR 2+2 MODEL

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FORD MUSTANG II

FORD DIVISION Ford

FEB. THIS MONTH IN SPORT



BRUCE CURTIS

If we had known that photographer Bruce Curtis was afraid of heights, we never would have sent him to shoot Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. No one who is five-foot-four and acrophobic should have to look up at Abdul-Jabbar.

As it turned out, Curtis had to look *down* at Kareem, which was even more frightening. To get our cover photo, Curtis had to climb a ladder to the top of the backboard at Milwaukee Arena, perch himself up there, then shoot down. One thought ran through Bruce's mind: *He's going to leap up and stuff me.*

Curtis survived the backboard, then discovered he had to face another ordeal. To shoot an aerial view of Milwaukee, the background for our cover, he had to step out on a catwalk high up in the First Wisconsin Building. When the wind whipped up off Lake Michigan, the catwalk began to shake, almost as much as Bruce.

And if all this wasn't enough, Curtis had to shoot both pictures with borrowed cameras. His own had been lost —by the airline that carried him to Milwaukee, confirming his suspicion that no good ever comes of going up in the air.

In his younger, slimmer days, Curtis insists, he was an excellent skier. But he had to give up the sport. He loved the slopes, hated the chairlifts.

The list of Top Performers in this issue is the 27th such list to appear in SPORT. There are several similarities between the first list, covering the best athletes of 1947, and the current crop. The top pro football player in 1947 was a running back (Spec Sanders of the New York Yankees), the boxer was the heavyweight champion (Joe Louis), the basketball player was a little man (Ralph Beard of Kentucky), the star of horse racing was a horse (Armed), not a jockey, and the outstanding swimmer was a woman, (Ann Curtis), all the same as now.

The Top Performers have always been called just that, The Top Performers, but the Performer of the Year title has varied over the years. Back at the beginning, one man was singled out as Champion of the Year (Joe DiMaggio in 1947); the following year, the top man was called Athlete of the Year (Lou Boudreau). Eventually, the title evolved into Man of the Year (which, technically, would have eliminated this year's winner) and then, its present state, Performer of the Year. My guess is that the title will change again when the editors of SPORT decide that we want to single out a manager, a coach, an executive or any non-performer.

Of the ten Performers or Men or Athletes or Champions of the Year preceding the new Performer-Athlete-Champion, only five are still active competitors. Of those five, four are mentioned elsewhere in this issue: Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (1971), Bobby Orr (1970), O. J. Simpson (1968) and Frank Robinson (1966). I might as well mention the fifth: Carl Yastrzemski (1967).

Dick Schaap

SPORT

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SPORTING LIFE

On the basketball court, Walt Frazier has all the moves— the jump shot, the behind-the-back pass, the quick hands. Off the court, he's got all the moves too— a Rolls, five mink coats and a penthouse apartment.

WITH WALT FRAZIER



It isn't every man who can walk through a row of Rolls-Royces and steal the spotlight from the cars. But Walt Frazier isn't every man, and as he moved through the Rolls showroom on Manhattan's East Side one afternoon recently, tall and black and regal, he dominated the cars. Even his coat—a dark brown mink—outshone the polished crome of the limousines.

Walt Frazier was looking to buy. He needed a second car. His first was also a Rolls, plum-colored, but he wanted a second, to keep in Atlanta, outside the house he bought for his mother, seven sisters and brother. He spends a few weeks every year in Atlanta, and he feels he needs to have a car there. He doesn't have to keep one of his five mink coats in Atlanta. He never goes there in cold weather, except to play against the Hawks.

Frazier grew up in Atlanta, then went west to Southern Illinois University. In 1967, Southern Illinois went to and won the National Invitational Tournament, and Frazier saw New York for the first time. A few months later, he joined the Knicks and became a New Yorker. He couldn't live his kind of life anywhere else.

In his early years as a Knick, Frazier's plentiful skills ran second to his daring. His hands—so quick, some semi-racist once said, he could steal a hub cap off a moving car—got him steals and got him in trouble. He could look spectacular—or silly. Now he gambles less, wastes no movement or energy. He leans on his man and waits for the right moment. Then his hands dart in, slap the ball away, and he is off, sprinting down court, driving toward the basket, perhaps laying the ball in or slipping it, behind the back, to a driving teammate. He is so smooth that his behind-the-back passes are not showy; they are part of his standard equipment, like his arms or his legs.

As usual, Frazier was the last man to leave the Knick locker room after a recent game. He pulled on his high-waisted, canary-yellow pants and matching shirt with "Clyde" stitched in burgundy thread on the cuffs. (Trainer Danny Whelan nicknamed Frazier after seeing *Bonnie and Clyde*; it is a tribute both to his style and his steals.) Frazier covered the shirt with a burgundy-and-yellow-plaid sport jacket.

"I don't dress as wild as I once did," he said. "Now I'm more interested in the material and the cut than the colors."

He quickly poked his head into Harry M's tavern on the street level of Madison Square Garden,

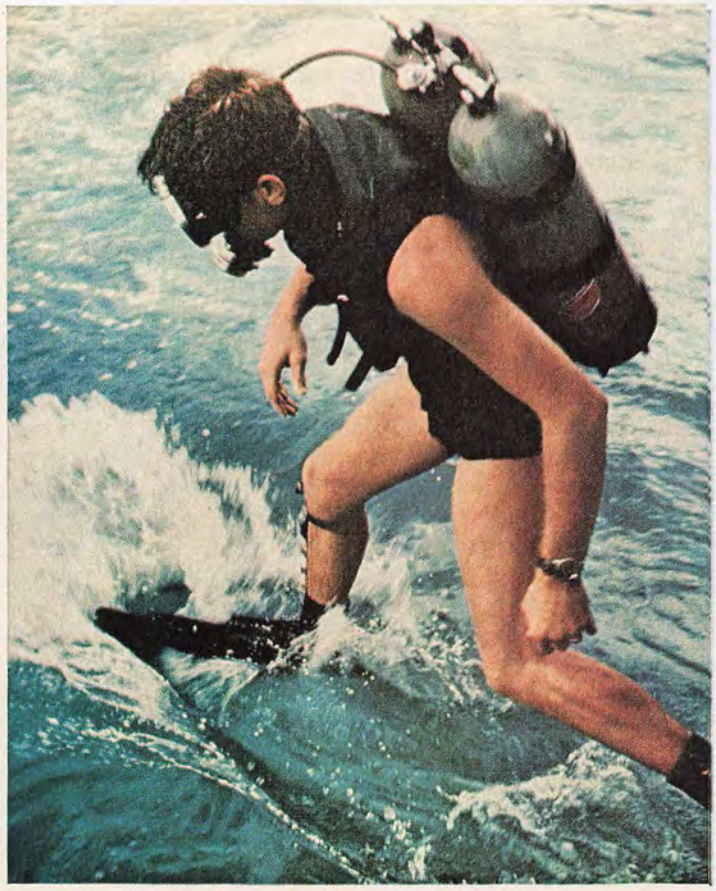
Clyde believes in comfort—whether he's driving, or lying down, or just reading a magazine. At his current pay scale—more than a quarter of a million dollars a season—he can afford total comfort.

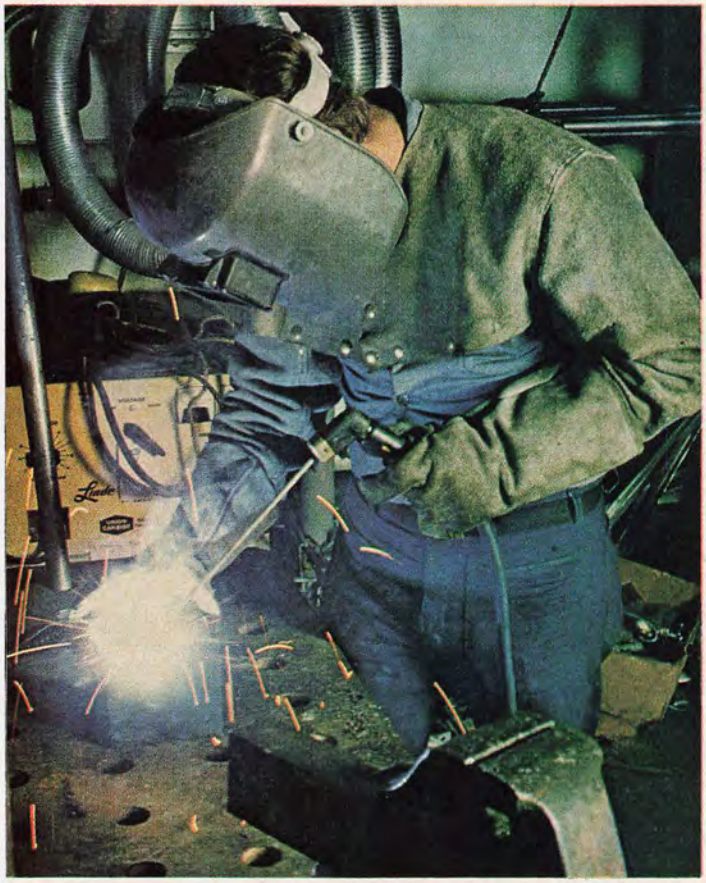




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saw no one he wanted to visit, then walked outside where his friend and chauffeur, David Benson, was waiting with the Rolls.

The Rolls stopped at one East Side bar after another. People came up to Clyde to show they recognized him. He handled it well. He treated everyone courteously.

Up to the edge of Harlem. Rust Brown's, The Cellar. The night got later, the places darker, the music louder, the wine flowed quicker and the girls looked prettier.

Then back downtown to Hippopotamus, the plushest and loudest of the clubs. Clyde danced with a pretty blonde, and people stole glances at him, knowing that here, too, he had all the moves.

Frazier left the girl with her friends. "I don't have to bring someone home with me every time I go out," he said. "I used to feel that way. But now I can have a good time just talking, drinking white wine and listening to music."

Frazier lives in a penthouse apartment high above the East Side bars. His living room has charcoal-gray walls and black-and-red furniture and decoration. "I like the dark atmosphere," he says. "I guess that's from hanging around in clubs so much." The bedroom is white with purple trim. The bedspread is white mink. Mirrors decorate the ceiling and the wall.

This is the life Clyde has bought with the $275,000 to $300,000 salary he gets from the Knicks and the money he earns through endorsements. He endorses furs for Ben Kahn, clothes for Ripley, shoes for Blacksmith, sneakers for Puma, toothpaste for Colgate and basketballs for Seamless. He has a basketball camp in New Jersey and a liquor store in Harlem.

"In three years or so," says Frazier, "there'll be another Clyde. I'm just taking it all in."

Two young black kids, about 13 or 14, pressed their noses against the show window, then walked into the Rolls showroom. They both wore high heels under midi-length coats and wide-brimmed hats. They walked confidently, pretending to be potential customers.

Frazier smiled. "That was me just a short time ago," he said.

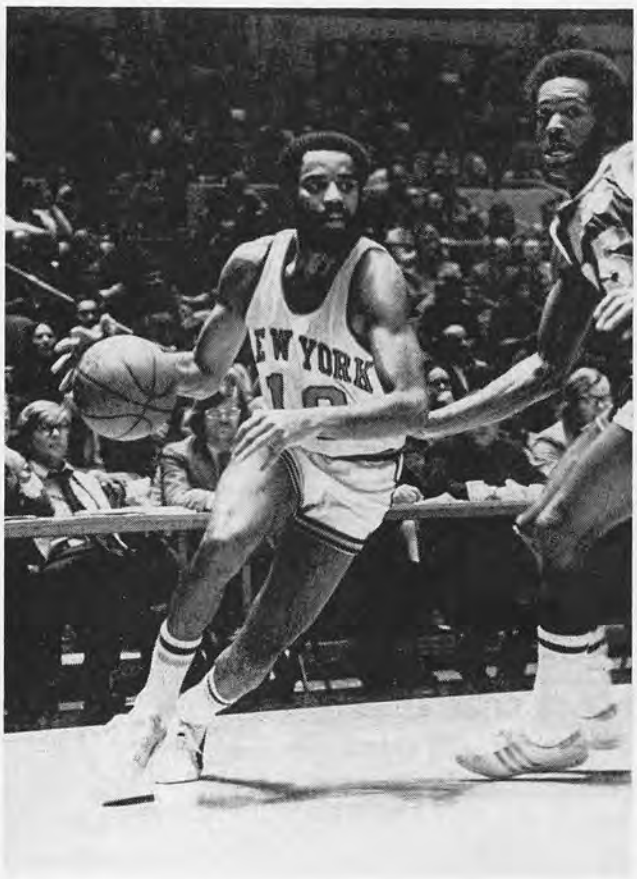
The boys spotted Frazier, and their facade faded. They were kids again, full of excitement. "Hey, man, isn't that Clyde?" one said.

"Yeah, yeah," said his friend. "That's gonna be me some day."

They slapped hands and walked back onto the New York streets.

—MARTY BELL

Clyde gets points for his speeding (below, left), but he sometimes gets tickets for parking his Rolls in the wrong place.







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LETTERS TO SPORT

SHAKESPEARE ON SPORTS

You left several good Shakespearean lines out of your December issue.

On Norm Snead: "Let Hercules himself do what he may/The cat will mew and the dog will have his day." (*Hamlet*)

John Huarte: "The worst is not/So long as we can say 'This is the worst'." (*King Lear*)

Frenchy Fuqua: "What, is the jay more precious than the lark/Because his feathers are more beautiful?" (*Taming Of The Shrew*)

Cosell: "He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument." (*Love's Labor Lost*)

And perhaps Shakespeare overheard this half-time oration: "You souls of geese/That bear the shapes of men, how have you run/From slaves that apes could beat! Pluto and hell!" (*Coriolanus*)

J.H.
Westminster, Pa.

ATOMIC WARFARE

In your recent article, "The Flyers Spoil Philadelphia's Image," (December), Jeff Greenfield wrote, and I quote, "I can make fun of the Atoms, because nobody cares about soccer champions except 300 Rumanian emigres and people who like to watch guys in bare legs kick a leather ball around."

Whether Mr, Greenfield doesn't realize the recent boom of soccer's popularity or he feels soccer athletes are not really "athletes" in the true sense of the word is beyond me.

Brazil's superstar, Pele, was one of the highest paid athletes in the world last year. Now I ask Mr. Greenfield: Is Pele just a bare-legged man who kicks around a leather ball?

Mark Becker
Fair Lawn, N.J.

The 144,000 of us who supported the champion Philadelphia Atoms last season resent being referred to as "300 Rumanian emigres."

Ashley Halsey III
Phila., Pa.

Mr. Greenfield's article "The Flyers Spoil Philadelphia's Image," (December) took some well deserved shots at Philadelphia's professional teams. However, his reference to the Atoms was both incorrect and in poor taste. The majority of both fans and players were native-born Americans.

Bill Blank
Phila., Pa.

I don't think Mr. Greenfield should make fun of a sport he doesn't understand.

Tommy Pinter
Roebling, N.J.

Ed. Honest, fellas, Jeff was only kidding. Some of his best friends are Rumanian emigres.

THE ALCHEMIST

In your December issue, you referred to the California *Brass* Seals ("The Flyers Spoil Philadelphia's Image"). You even went so far as to call the Seals one of the NHL's "doormats." I thought these were rather crude comments to make about a team that shows such great potential as the Seals do. So, with all this in mind, I feel that an apology is in order from Jeff Greenfield to the California *Golden* Seals hockey club.

Rick Reed
Redwood City, Calif.

Ed. Potential at what? *The Seals need some good Rumanian emigres.*

ROSIE BUSH?

". . . a calm ascerbic voice in the midst of all the babble" (A Woman's Touch, December). Rosie Casals? Letty Pogrebin has got to be kidding! Even the most avid Ms., with any objectivity, must label Casals' commentary as bush!

On Ms. Pogrebin's comment on Billie Jean King giving women a fantasy sports life never previously achieved, what about the figure skating of Peggy Fleming, the gymnastics of Olga Korbut, or the tennis of Chris Evert? Or does a woman competing against a woman lack enough glamor for you?

Bill Lesshafft
Bowling Green, Ky.

NAMATH LIVES!

In regard to "Old Quarterbacks Never Die . . . They Get Hurt" (December), were you writing an article or an obituary? Come on now, Joe Namath isn't ready to be put out to pasture. Isn't he still "the noblest quarterback of them all"?

Cathy Telesco
Stamford, Conn.

Ed. Joe may not be ready to be put out to pasture, but we'll bet he's jealous of Secretariat.



MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Who is that guy who you purport to be Bob Schweikert in the middle of the picture on page 51 of the December issue? My guess is Mike Taliaferro. Please set us straight.

Al Austin
Richmond, Va.

Ed. You guess good.

CAMPY FOR MVP

I am in total opposition to your selection of Reggie Jackson as the World Series MVP. I feel that Bert Campaneris was far and away the MVP.

I read one sportswriter who claimed in his column that you didn't pick Campy because of his inability to converse well in English. I hope that this writer is way off base in making such a statement.

E.J. Schlotterbeck
Far Rockaway, N.Y.

Ed. If Campaneris could get as far off-base as that writer, he would steal every time he got on. The MVP award is based purely on merit.

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SPORT TALK

BY DICK SCHAAP



SCHOOLBOY STYLE

Joe Namath has co-authored a new book called *A Matter of Style*, which, among other things, explains very clearly the art of quick and accurate release. It is a handsome book, an instructional book, the perfect gift for the young man who has everything, but still wants to grow up to be a quarterback.

I asked Namath one day if he'd try out a few of the book's theories by giving some lessons to a young quarterback. Namath said he'd be glad to. I brought the youngster out to Shea Stadium, and, naturally, he was very excited. He got to eavesdrop on a conversation between Namath and Al Woodall, the two quarterbacks debating which one should start against the Atlanta Falcons. Woodall thought Namath should face the Falcons; Namath thought Woodall should. Neither of them especially wanted to face John Zook and Claude Humphrey himself. They finally agreed that rookie Bill Demory deserved the chance.

Then Namath went out on the field and told the high-school quarterback to show him his stance. The youngster bent his knees slightly and leaned forward as if to take the snap from center.

"That looks good," said Namath. "Now let me see you drop back and throw one."

The high-school quarterback dropped back swiftly and smoothly and, with no wasted motion, fired a bullet some 20 yards.

"Let me see that again," said Namath.

The youngster did the same thing.

Namath shook his head. "Forget about reading the book," he said. "You don't have to learn anything from it. You might just enjoy looking at the pictures."

Then I explained to Namath that the young quarterback wasn't just any high-school player. His name was Chris Legree, and he played quarterback for South Shore High School in Brooklyn, the largest non-technical high school in the United States, and a lot of people thought that Chris was the best high-school passer ever to play in New York City.

Namath grinned. "I knew he was

Those that can, do; and those that can, like Namath, sometimes teach, too.

doing something right," said Joe.

Chris Legree said he got a terrific kick out of meeting Namath, who had long been his hero, but that he really hadn't had a chance to learn much about passing. Besides, said Chris, he kind of liked his own passing style.

POET'S CORNER

A man who sells snowmobiles in Minnesota, which is as smart as selling surfboards in Southern California, tells us he took a special interest in SPORT's December item about William Shakespeare, the former Notre Dame football player.

"My next-door neighbor played against Shakespeare, for Northwestern," writes Jack Laimer. "His name is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow."

That Longfellow—not a bad name for a man six-foot-five—is now a judge in Minnesota.

If you're interested, baseball has had its share of poets, too. A fellow named Shelley played for the Detroit Tigers, a Joyce for the Philadelphia A's, a Whitman for the Brooklyn Dodgers, and a Virgil, who started with the New York Giants, for just about everybody.

And all sports, of course, have had their Homers.

DIAMOND DYNASTY

Which is the most successful team in baseball? The Oakland A's? Just because they've won two Occidental world championships in a row? That's nothing.

The A's can't compete for success with the Yomiuri Giants, who have won nine straight Japan Series and attract more than 2,750,000 fans annually, an average of 42,500 a game. The Giants are the only profitable baseball team in Japan, and they are profitable enough to warm the cockles of Charlie Finley's heart.

The Giants are also the only Japanese team without a single Westerner in their lineup. The Giants claim that this is not discrimination, but merely tradition. It is their tradition, they say, not to hire foreign players. Why is this their tradition? Their Catch 22 answer: Because of long-established club policy.

Japan is not exactly flooded with

The Great Impostor

Is it a cigarette? Definitely not.
Could a little cigar have such big flavor, give you such big pleasure? Definitely yes.
A&C Little Cigars—slim, filter-tipped—made with a very special blend that includes fine imported cigar tobaccos...cured for mildness and flavor.
Regular or Menthol—in the distinctive crush-proof box.

A&C LITTLE CIGARS,
The Great Impostor.



American ballplayers. There are two big leagues of six teams each, and each team is permitted a maximum of two non-Japanese players.

The best-paid American in Japan last season was Jim Lefebvre, who left the Los Angeles Dodgers at the end of a dismal 1972 season (.201 average in his eighth Dodger season). Lefebvre shifted to Japan for $100,000 a year for three years. He hit .270 last year.

The most popular American in Japan is a fellow named Johnny Sipin who batted .223 for the San Diego Padres in 1969. Sipin went from the Padres to the Hawaiian Islanders to Japan. He has long hair and a mustache, has batted over .300 for each of the past two seasons and earns about $30,000 a year. He was the only American to make the Japanese All-Star team in 1973.

If Japanese baseball is at a level where a Sipin can hit .300 regularly, why haven't men such as Dick Stuart and Joe Pepitone and Don Buford completely dominated the Japanese game?

George Altman, a former Cub and Met who has been a consistent .300 hitter in Japan, offers one explanation. "The Japanese are different," says Altman, "and their baseball is different. I'm not saying better or worse. Just different. The secret of playing ball in Japan is to just forget about America.

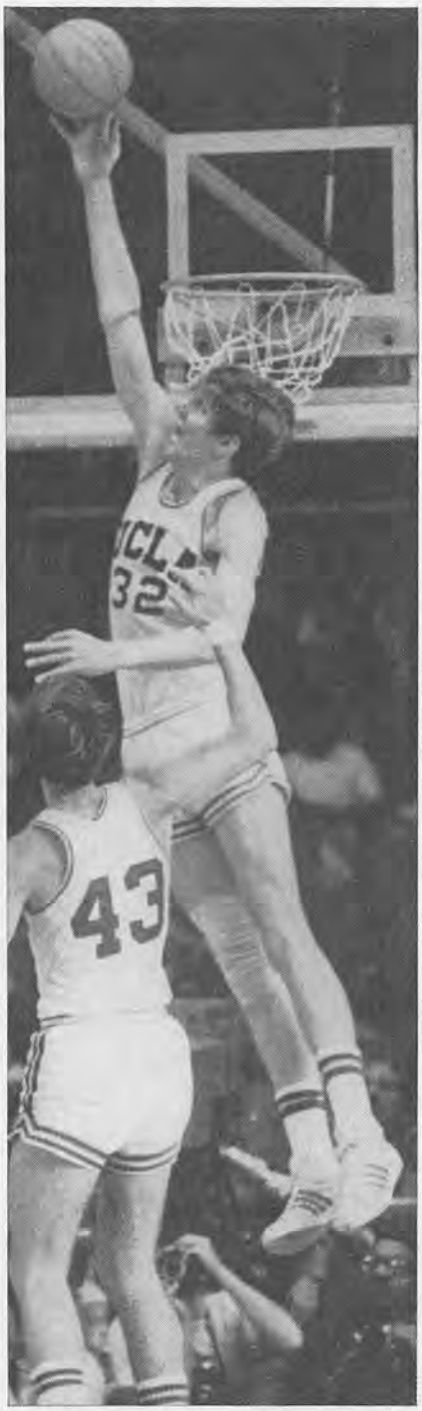
"But most cats can't do that."

RECRUITING, WRESTLING VARIETY

Henry M. Littlefield is the assistant dean of students at Amherst College, a school very well-known and respected for its students. Littlefield is also the wrestling coach at Amherst, a school not known for turning out or recruiting athletes.

But Littlefield knows all about bigtime recruiting, wrestling variety. "Before Amherst," he says, "I coached the toughest and finest cross-section of kids imaginable at Mount Vernon High School, right outside New York City. College coaches who weren't afraid to work with a little urban cynicism did well with Mount Vernon athletes. But sometimes we wondered at the selection process.

"One of our most sought-after athletes could have drifted out of a carelessly-rubbed lamp in an Arabian bazaar. He had wandered up to us from the wrestling heartland in Pennsylvania to live with his aunt. He won state championships two years in a row.



Bill Walton, who may be the tallest man ever arrested in an anti-war demonstration, has a message for telephone callers.

"We were all set to raise money to send him to the National AAU championships one year when, suddenly, he disappeared. I got word he was back in Pennsylvania, in jail.

"I called him in jail. 'Just a little misunderstanding,' he told me. The police told me something about a demolished cell. He came back a week later.

"He never graduated. Just before he was to hand in his English workbook, on which many people had taken great pains, he disappeared again. Word filtered back he was in Montreal.

"Late that May, I got a phone call from the coach of a junior college in the Midwest. 'Say, where's that champ of yours goin' next year?' he asked.

"'I'm really sorry,' I said, 'but he won't graduate. He's left school.'

"'That don't really make no difference,' said the coach. 'All we got to do is give him our special test, then he'll have graduated enough for us. Where you think he is?'

"'Last I heard, he was in Montreal.'

"'That'll be a nice trip. You think two coaches for each arm'll be enough?'

"I don't think they ever found him."

SORRY, RIGHT NUMBER

A few years ago, Richard Nixon got into the habit of telephoning almost every conceivable athletic winner and congratulating him, or her, on his, or her, victory. Tom Landry, George Allen, Don Shula, Darrell Royal, Arnold Palmer and Billie Jean King, among others, got the word from the White House.

The President has more pressing business these days, but even if he had the time, it isn't likely he'd ever telephone Bill Walton and congratulate the UCLA star for a victory. Not that Richard Nixon has anything against tall people, or against redheads. But he may have heard about the way Walton answers his phone. Bill doesn't say, "Hello." He says, "Impeach the President."

Someday soon, someone's going to call Walton's number, offering a couple of million dollars or more, and the caller's going to hear the greeting, think he has a wrong number and hang up. But don't worry: He'll call back.

It's not every man for himself.

In today's Army, teamwork is not just an empty word. It's our way of working. Take the guys around this Honest John rocket. There are assembly specialists to arm it. "Met" men to supply weather data. Gunners to aim and fire it.



The better they work together, the better they do their job, and the more pride they develop in themselves. As individuals, as a team.

But pride and accomplishment aren't the only benefits of teamwork. You learn to work with others, and respect them. You share experiences, and develop lasting friendships.

No matter which of our teams you join, you'll gain qualities that will serve you well. In the Army, or out.

If you're tired of always looking out for number one, send for details about what you could be doing for us, and we for you. Or call 800-523-4800, toll free, anytime. In Pennsylvania, call 800-462-4955.

Today's Army

Get to work with some great guys.

THE SPORT QUIZ!

GRADE YOURSELF
14-16 EXCELLENT
11-13 VERY GOOD
8-10 FAIR



Vida Blue

1. Who's the tallest player in NBA history, according to official rosters?
a. Swede Halbrook
b. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar
c. Bevo Nordman

2. Who is the shortest man currently playing in the NBA?
a. Calvin Murphy
b. Ernie DiGregorio
c. Dean Meminger

3. What team holds the record for the longest winning streak in pro sports?
a. New York Giants (baseball)
b. Miami Dolphins
c. Los Angeles Lakers

4. What is the shortest fence in the major leagues (302 feet)?
a. LF in Wrigley Field
b. RF in Fenway Park
c. LF in Fenway Park

5. What was the longest game in innings (26) in major league history?
a. Dodgers vs. Braves (May 1, 1920)
b. Tigers vs. Athletics (Sept. 1, 1906)
c. Giants vs. Mets (May 31, 1964)



Joe Nuxhall

6. What was the shortest heavyweight championship fight?
a. Carnera vs. Sharkey (June 29, 1933)
b. Burns vs. Roche (March 17, 1908)
c. Clay vs. Liston (May 25, 1965)

7. The longest game in NFL history:
a. Miami vs. Kansas City (Dec. 25, 1971)
b. Dallas vs. Baltimore (Jan. 17, 1971)
c. N.Y. vs. Baltimore (Dec. 28, 1958)



Bob Feller

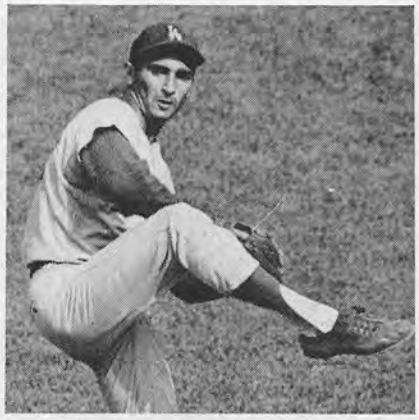
8. Who was the shortest man ever to win an NBA rebounding title?
a. Larry Foust
b. Dolph Schayes
c. Maurice Stokes

9. What goalie holds the NHL record for longest undefeated streak?
a. Gerry Cheevers
b. Jacques Plante
c. Glenn Hall

10. Who was the shortest man ever to play major-league baseball?
a. Pee Wee Reese
b. Fred Patek
c. Eddie Gaedel

11. Who was the heaviest man ever to win the heavyweight championship?
a. Ingemar Johansson
b. Primo Carnera
c. Jim Jeffries

12. True or False: The lightest jockey ever recorded to ride in a handicap race weighed 49 pounds.



Sandy Koufax

13. Match the pitcher with his accomplishment:

Vida Blue	**a.** Youngest to enter Hall of Fame
Joe Nuxhall	**b.** Youngest to pitch no-hitter
Bob Feller	**c.** Youngest to play in majors
Sandy Koufax	**d.** Youngest to win Cy Young Award

14. True or False: George Blanda is the oldest man ever to appear in an NFL game.

15. Who was the youngest man ever to win the heavyweight crown?
a. Muhammed Ali
b. George Foreman
c. Floyd Patterson

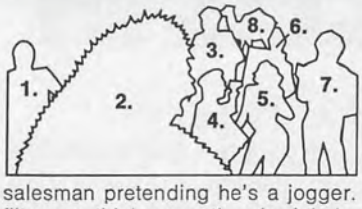
16. Who holds the record for the longest punt in the NFL?
a. Yale Lary
b. Bobby Jo Green
c. Steve O'Neal

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 102

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



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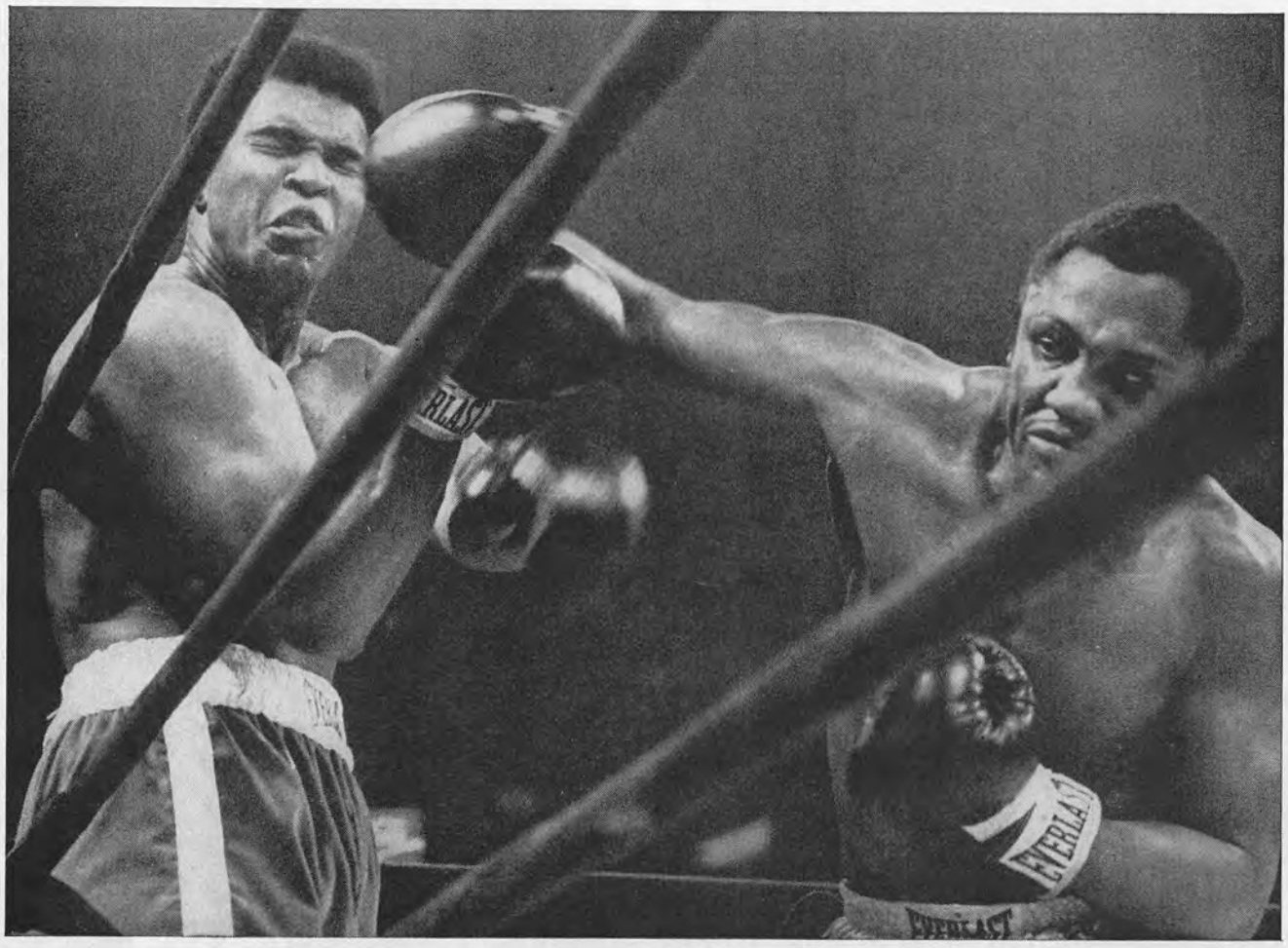
Even at the Zoo everybody has a gimmick... almost everybody. Find the one who doesn't. 1. No. He's Miles Tugo, underwear salesman pretending he's a jogger. Gimmick: Cigarettes with filters so thick every time he inhales, his ears pop. **2.** Meet Livingston I. Presume, gorilla. A latent Homo Sapien, who throws tires at anybody who doesn't believe in Evolution. **3.** Nope. He's Jerry Bilt, zoo painter. Holds gimmick: A long pole to paint ape's cage (says he's allergic to fur and having his leg pulled off). His *Maxi-Long* cigarettes easily break in half, too. **4** & **5.** No and no. They're Sam and Janet Evening, movie team making a low budget jungle picture: "King Kong Gives Detroit A Hickie." **6.** He's Skip Tickel. Was given this address to deliver 12 Chinese dinners. Gimmick: Smokes cigarettes with filters so hollow he talks with an echo. **7.** Right. He prefers wildlife to wild gimmicks. Wants no nonsense in his cigarette, either. Camel Filters. Good taste. Honest tobacco. **8.** No. It's either the symbol of a high-quality cigarette, or a high-rise sheep.

Camel Filters. They're not for everybody (but they could be for you).



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT.'73.



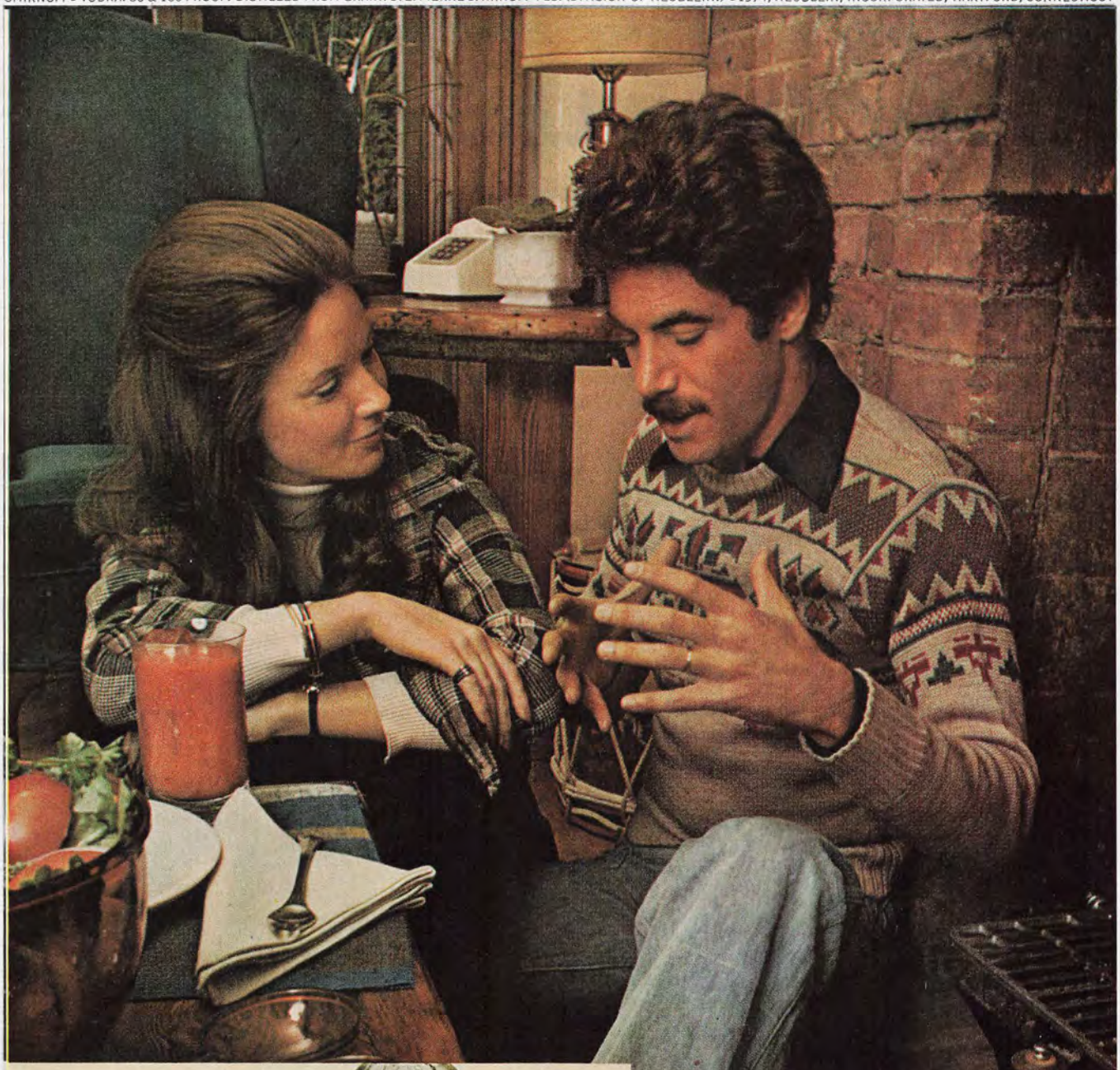
ALI & FRAZIER: Three Years Later

BY JIMMY BRESLIN

She saw herself in the ring, I knew that. When it became extremely hard for Muhammed Ali, when he couldn't get his feet off the floor, the woman in the seat alongside me, Bernadette Devlin, had a terribly bleak and terribly hard expression on her little face. Here in Madison Square Garden in 1971 she was rooting for Ali for reasons beyond a fist fight. To Bernadette Devlin, established authority in Belfast is established authority in Houston. They put her in jail in Belfast for resisting. In Houston, they took away so much of Ali's career because he resisted. So while Muhammed Ali boxed Joe Frazier across 15 rounds, I sat there and merely watched a fighter, Ali, who had lost much of his ability. But in the seat next to me, Bernadette Devlin looked at Muhammed Ali and she saw a hundred nights in Northern Ireland.

So many people were making it the spectacle of the age. Around us at ringside, you had Bob Dylan, the folk singer, in a dungaree suit; Carl Eller, the football player, in a fur coat and short pants and knee socks; Frank Sinatra, taking pictures for a magazine; Norman Mailer, taking notes for a story; Hubert Humphrey, sliding in after the third round and cheering as if he had been there from the start. I certainly belonged in the crowd. I was escorting an international celebrity. I had a near case of welder's blindness from all the cam-

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The Bloodhound.

What's red, has Smirnoff in it and is served in a tall glass? Think you know? Suppose we add it's easy to make and it has a nut-like taste instead of a spicy one? Still confident?

Well, even we were fooled when somebody served us what appeared to be a Bloody Mary but turned out to be a nifty new drink. It's made with Smirnoff, tomato juice and a little dry sherry. We're calling it the Bloodhound. So nobody gets fooled.



To make a Bloodhound, pour 1½ ozs. of Smirnoff into a glass with ice. Add 3 ozs. tomato juice and ½ oz. or so of dry sherry.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®

Three Years Later

CONTINUED

era lights hitting my eyes when I walked the woman into the Garden. Anyplace you went in Madison Square Garden the scene was about the same. Known names. And the men whose names you didn't know were so dressed up and perfumed up that they made the women with them look like stone lesbians. It didn't seem right to me. A fight should be in a place where the walls are dirty and the biggest celebrity in the place is the man with the most serious police record. There should be cigar smoke in the air and coming through the cigar smoke, the sharp smell of mustard from a hot dog stand. Brut and Groome wear on you along about the fifth round.

The crowd at the first Ali-Frazier match was accepting the fight as some sort of a religious service, while I thought it was just a very ordinary heavyweight fight. But the way of the country now is to elevate sports to a level where citizens are expected to serve as worshippers and the President stays up diagramming plays. It is an imbecilic way to think. The football people steal the nomenclature of the Holy Roman Catholic Church and apply it to the Super Bowl game. Super Bowl VIII. Pope Pius XXIX. And all games are starting to look alike. The baseball people say baseball is America. Bowie Kuhn, the commissioner, stands up and says it all the time. When he isn't saying baseball is America, he is in the middle of a fight about starting a special wing to house the trophies earned by the darkies. If baseball, which is boring as hell, and Bowie Kuhn, who is as pompous as he is dull, are really America, let's all go to Argentina. Sports is supposed to be a thing for fun. The events are supposed to be happy, the places where they are held are supposed to be pleasant, the people attending are supposed to get a laugh out of life. The first big sports event I was truly caught up in was the Kentucky Derby horse race of 1949. I watched it at the Crossroads, a hot dog stand and a bar on Jamaica Avenue in the Queens part of New York City. The newspaper where I was a copy boy was just down the street. Alphonse, the photo retoucher, and Frank Dewey, who was a Western Union Morse Code man, ducked out of the office right on edition time to watch the race and I went with them. Let the sports editor run the copy, I wanted to see the



race. Frank Dewey had handicapped the race and he made Ponder, a Calumet horse, a lock. I bet the race on his say. Through the whole race you never saw Ponder on the television screen. Then in the stretch, just getting into the corner of the television picture, buzzing on the outside, was Ponder. Frank Dewey began slapping his hand on the bar and screaming and here came Ponder, with Steve Brooks' hand rising and falling all the way down the stretch, and Ponder took the lead just inside the eight pole, finishing three on top, paying $34, leaving me excited and with a pocketful of cash and a mouthful of beer for the rest of the afternoon and on into the evening. I nearly blew the job, but who cared, it was fun. I always thought that was sports as it was meant to be. Most certainly, sports was not supposed to be regarded as a mysterious exercise, the way people regarded the fist fight taking place at Madison Square Garden on this night in 1971.

But no matter how many rounds went by, and how futile some of them were, Bernadette Devlin still saw herself in there and she said to me during one of the late rounds, "Can Ali not just smash this man away?"

And I said, "It looks to me like Ali can't set himself to punch."

She stared at the ring. "He said that if he lost he would crawl across the ring on his hands and knees and kiss Frazier's feet."

"Oh, that's just talking to get in the papers before the fight," I said.

"He said it," she said.

"But it was just talk for the papers."

"He said he would. If he does it, I'll die."

"Don't worry about it, it's nonsense."

"If he kisses Frazier's feet, I'll die. That's not the way to do it."

She couldn't get it out of her head, it was that serious a matter with her, so I stopped trying to talk to her about it.

Myself, I didn't watch the fight so closely after awhile. Maybe



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Antonio Y Cleopatra.

Three Years Later

CONTINUED

sometime, years from now, people will say it was the greatest fight they ever saw—the fight of all time—and it will be accepted as such. I'll never buy that. Ali could not get his hands under Joe Frazier's elbows and bang Frazier in the sides and bring him up out of the crouch. Ali never threw an uppercut, even for the hell of it, when an uppercut was the punch to make Frazier come apart. What Ali did was try to go 15 rounds without moving, without doing anything on the inside except to hang on. Once I saw Ali standing there, back to the ropes, rolling around and catching punches like any routine fighter who is tired. I lost interest. Frazier was nothing to watch.

What I did for most of the night was try to imagine the Ali of a couple of years before this. The best three years in the life of his body had been put up as collateral for his beliefs. I saw the old Ali, thinner in the middle, bending, swaying, the legs covering wide patches of the ring with movement that required no effort. Mocking the other guy, Ali would double up and triple up with the jab, bap bap bap, between the eyes and leave the other guy squinting and confused and in pain. In Lewiston, Maine, when he boxed Sonny Liston for the second time, Ali hit Liston with two jabs, bap bap, and Liston took them between the eyes. He had to blink pain and water away and by the time he was set to punch, Ali was gone.

In 1971, I was putting the Ali from Lewiston into the ring with Frazier, and I was watching a different fight than anybody else. I saw Ali jab Frazier, bap bap, then move away while Frazier threw this fast left hook which still missed by several inches. Noise from the crowd around me in ringside would bring me back, illusion into reality, and here was a Muhammed Ali unable to move and of course in the 15th round Frazier hit him with that fast left hook and Ali went down flat on his back. I still don't know how he got up to finish the fight. As for Frazier, he had gotten his head in the way of too many of those short right hands over the night and he became a bit cuckoo in the dressing room afterwards.

The crowd, the fabulous crowd of politicians and singers and pimps and stock brokers and cocaine dealers, went out into the night, and I took Bernadette Devlin over to Toots Shor's. She walked in silence, and let the lights and the whiskey and the crowd perk her up. The politicians and the actors attended the Devlin woman at a table and I drank at the bar with my friend Fat Thomas and we talked about horse racing because neither of us had been impressed with the fight.

By the end of the night, over eggs at four or five in the morning, she still was glum.

"What the hell is the matter with you, the guy just loses a fight," I said.

"It's a tragedy that he lost," she said.

"You act like you lost yourself," I said.

"I did," she said.

She went back to Northern Ireland and I went home to finish a novel. I saw little of her after that. The degradation of violence in Northern Ireland became total. They were down to garroting each other with barbed wire in Belfast, breaking into houses and executing a father while he sat on the couch with four and five children screaming and clinging to him. Bernadette Devlin had a baby and would not announce who the father was. The British troops tried to gun her down in Derry and she was lying on the street, screaming through a bullhorn for the rest of the crowd to stay down, and the bullets whined and slapped around her. Then she went into the House of Commons and scored a TKO over a British minister. Afterwards, on television, they asked her if she was sorry for what she did and she spit the words out. "I'm just sorry I didn't get my *honds* on his throat so I could choke him."

When I was watching her on television that night I began to wonder about her. How long was she going to be able to keep it up. At 29, she had been through so much, jail, glory, danger, love and the terrible, wearing, sapping, endless clawing of everyday life among a minority trying to get a little freedom.

Then last December, on a dark afternoon in New York, with the feel of snow in the air, I called Northern Ireland looking for her. Madison Square Garden was about to start selling tickets for the rematch, Ali vs. Frazier, to bring back the dreams and the crowd, and I wondered if she wanted to come to New York and see it.

I couldn't find her on the phone. "We don't see much of her anymore, she's keeping rather quiet," one of the people over there told me. "She lives way out on a wee farm with the new husband and the little daughter and she doesn't come around much at all. I think she's settled down pretty much so, you know. She had an awful lot of life thrown at her, you know, she was only a wee girl, you know."

In the newspapers, she was not mentioned in the stories about people meeting to try some sort of a settlement in Northern Ireland. There were names of other politicians. At 29, the way these things go, it all could be behind her. Ghetto heroes burn out very quickly. I saw that on that night in 1971, when Clay came back after giving up three years in his movement and he couldn't pick his feet up from the floor. But Bernadette Devlin, she saw more than that. She saw what was going to happen to her. ■



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DIDN'T YOU USED TO BE...

BEVO FRANCIS?



Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (see page 44) never scored more than 61 points in a college game. Pete Maravich never scored more than 69. In fact, only two college players have ever scored more than 80 points in a game. Furman's Frank Selvy did it once; another fellow did it *three* times. His name was Bevo Francis. He scored 82 points one game, and 84 another, and, one glorious night in 1954, 113 points.

Clarence "Bevo" Francis of Rio Grande College in Ohio was the most prolific scorer in the history of college basketball. The six-foot-nine center averaged 47.1 points per game during his two-year career.

In 1953, no one had heard of Rio Grande except its creditors. The school was in financial trouble. Basketball coach Newt Oliver came up with a solution. He borrowed $3000 from a Chevrolet dealer in New York, recruited Francis and four other Ohio high-school basketball stars and thoroughly outclassed Rio Grande's tiny opposition.

Rio Grande had only 94 students and a gym just large enough for the student body, and Oliver knew that if he was going to make money, he had to take his team on tour. Based on Bevo's accomplishments, Rio Grande invaded Madison Square Garden and Philadelphia's Palestra and earned enough money to pay the salaries of the school's 13 teachers.

After his sophomore season, Bevo Francis flunked out of Rio Grande. (That sentence may be the greatest tribute ever paid to the integrity of college sports.) Oliver quit, too.

Bevo and Oliver became the star and coach of the Boston Whirlwinds, the team that traveled with the Globetrotters. After one season, Francis got homesick and left the team.

Today, at 41, Bevo tends furnaces in a steel mill in Salineville, Ohio, where he lives with his wife, Mary, and their two sons. Newt Oliver is retired and living in Springfield, Ohio, where he ran a successful restaurant. And Rio Grande has 750 students, a new arena that seats 2500, and has qualified for a post-season tournament each of the last three years.

INSIDE FACTS

BY ALLAN ROTH

Only rarely do two NBA teammates finish the season ranking in the top five in the league in one of the key departments—scoring, rebounds or assists. . . . It happened last season, when Lou Hudson and Pete Maravich of the Atlanta Hawks finished fourth and fifth in the league in scoring, with averages of 27.1 and 26.1 respectively.

In the last 12 seasons, only two other pairs of teammates finished in the top five in scoring in the same season. . . . In 1964-65, Jerry West and Elgin Baylor ranked second and fifth in point production for Los Angeles, and two years later, West finished fourth and Baylor fifth. . . . In 1967-68, Wilt Chamberlain and Hal Greer ranked third and fifth for the Philadelphia 76ers.

Only one pair of teammates ever ranked one-two in the league in total points, Neil Johnston of the Philadelphia Warriors, in 1954-55, with teammate Paul Arizin second. . . . The Johnston-Arizin pair each placed in the top five in scoring three years in a row for the Warriors, starting in 1954-55.

When Hudson and Maravich each averaged better than 25 points per game last season, they joined a small group of teammate pairs who have performed this feat, led by the Elgin Baylor-Jerry West combine, who accomplished this in six different seasons. . . . Other pairs who had 25-point averages each, in the same season, include Oscar Robertson-Jack Twyman (Cincinnati, 1960-61), Richie Guerin-Willie Naulls (New York, 1961-62), Walt Bellamy-Terry Dischinger (Chicago, 1962-63) and Gail Goodrich-Jerry West (Los Angeles, 1971-72).

The last time that a pair of teammates both ranked in the top five in rebounding was in 1969-70, when Baltimore's Wes Unseld finished second in the league and Gus Johnson tied for fifth. . . . Nate Thurmond and Clyde Lee both ranked in the top five for San Francisco in 1967-68, and they both made the top ten in 1971-72. . . . Last season, two sets of teammates ranked in the league's top ten in rebounding. . . . Boston had Dave Cowens (16.2 average) and Paul Silas (13.0), ranking third and eighth, and Baltimore had Wes Unseld (15.9) and Elvin Hayes (14.5), finishing fifth and seventh.

Pairs of teammates have rarely ranked high in assists in the NBA, but last year two teams each had two play-makers finishing in the top ten, Atlanta, with Pete Maravich (sixth) and Herm Gilliam (eighth), and Boston, with John Havlicek (seventh) and Jo Jo White (tied for ninth).



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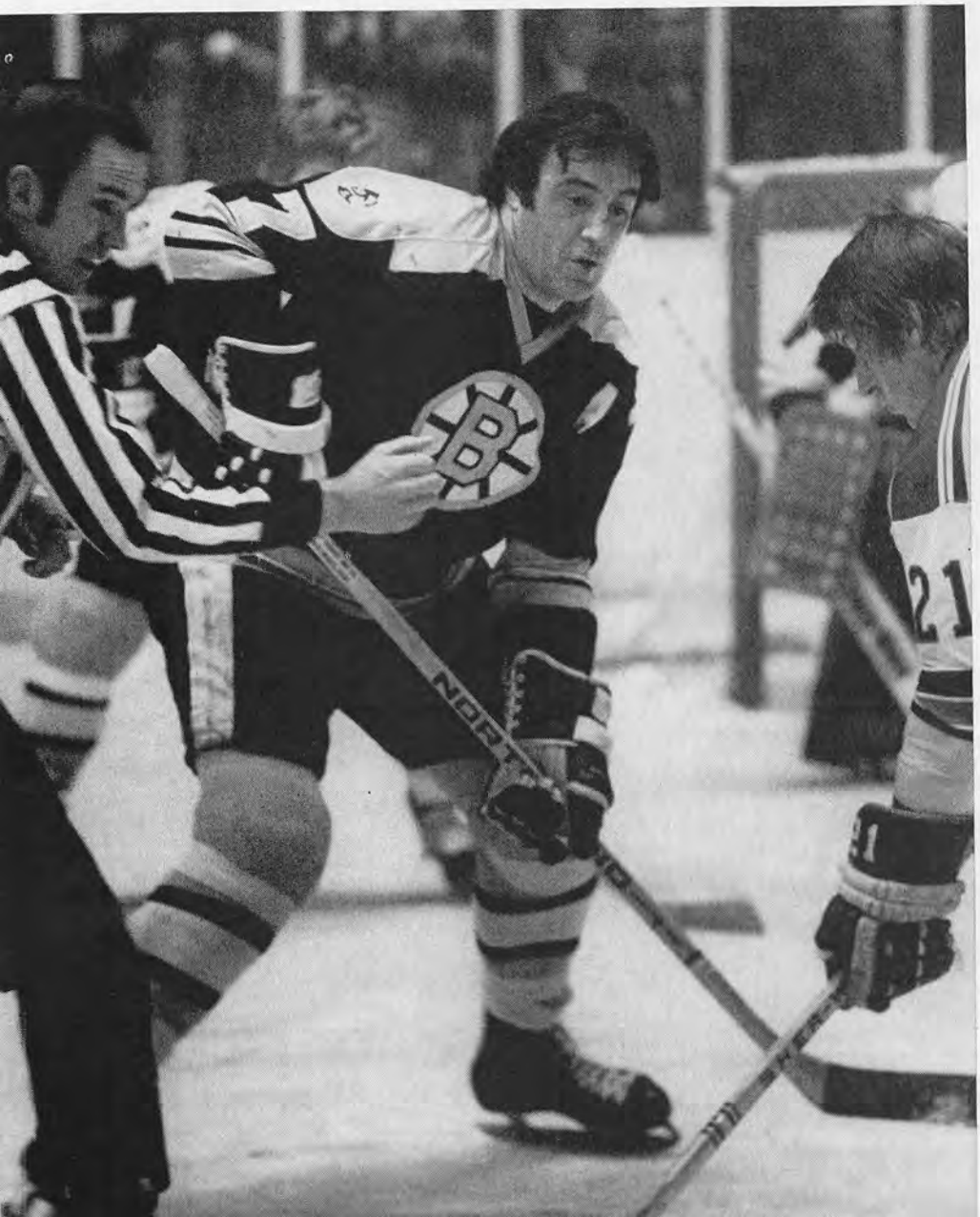
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Kings, 15 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

IS THE BOSTON HOCKEY FAN LOSING HIS INSANITY?

BY JEFF GREENFIELD



A Bostonian stretched out on his psychiatrist's couch, hoping to find a cure for his obsession with hockey.

"Alright," the psychiatrist began, "you just say the first thing that comes into your mind when I mention a word."

"Right, doc. Drop that puck."

"Okay. Boat. . . ."

"Oar. Bobby."

"Land. . . ."

"Fill. Esposito."

"Texas. . . ."

"Dallas. Smith."

"Good heavens," the psychiatrist interrupted. "You are absolutely and completely compulsive about this game."

"Me?" the Bostonian hollered. "*You're* the one who keeps talking about hockey!"

It's one of the most enduring certainties in sports: Boston is a hockey town. Through the 1960s, when the Celtics were dominating professional basketball and the Bruins dwelt in the NHL cellar like a crazy maiden aunt, the Boston Garden was packed with hockey fans, while the Celtics filled barely half the seats. When the Bruins became Stanley Cup champions in 1970, hockey fever swept through Boston with the force of a plague; eight-year-olds were filling hockey rinks 24 hours a day, and Bruin stars such as Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito were demigods.

Now, in the early winter of 1973, hockey fever still seems to be rampant: For the average citizen of Boston, a Bruin ticket is as rare as steak. When the Bruins decimate a hated rival such as the New York Rangers, the Garden rocks with shouts of triumph. The souvenir shops stock a dozen books with Orr on the cover, along with more esoteric items such as Derek Sanderson athletic supporters.

And yet, somewhere in this gray New England landscape is a cloud no bigger than a goalie's mitt. It's a collection of small, worrisome

If "land" suggests "Phil," and "Phil" suggests "Esposito," you need either a doctor or a couple of Bruins tickets.

questions that suggests a condition unthinkable a few years ago: The hockey fever in Boston just may be starting to cool off.

Some clues:

• Henry de Angelis is the peppery, candid co-owner of Twins Souvenirs, the largest sports-souvenir dealer in Massachusetts. He has been selling artifacts of sports with his brother Arthur for 27 years. His huge store across the street from Fenway Park is packed with pennants, photos, sweatshirts, jackets, bats, balls, pucks and memorabilia; an eight-year-old boy who wandered in would think he had died and gone to heaven.

"Three years ago it was unbelievable," he says. "Before the Bruins won the Cup in '70, we took a gamble—we had 25,000 pennants with 'Stanley Cup Champions' printed up, and by the Tuesday after they won it, we didn't have any left. Now, I would say it's off by 80 percent. Another thing, a couple of years ago you'd hear, 'I gotta go home and watch the hockey game.' You don't hear that so much anymore."

• On October 10, 1973, something didn't happen at a Bruins-Vancouver Canuck game. What didn't happen was a sellout. The announced attendance of 14,523 marked the first time Boston did not sell out since February 9, 1969, when the Bruins played the California Golden Seals with a blizzard outside; and that was 164 regular-season games ago. Boston hockey writers say that the Bruins' management "went up the wall" at the announcement. While every other Bruin home game has been officially sold out, observers note a growing number of "no shows" among season-ticket holders.

• Robert G. Woolf, perhaps the most successful sports attorney in America, who represents such Boston luminaries as John Havlicek, Jim Plunkett and Derek Sanderson, sees a lessening of the hockey obsession.

"The fever is very definitely ebbing," he says. "For the first time, you can't give tickets away for games like the Golden Seals or the Islanders. You see a lot of signs —the souvenir sales, TV ratings, the requests for hockey personalities. It's not like it was when we got 13,000 entries in a 'Date Derek' contest. Also, you can get ice time now for kids who want to play hockey in rinks that were booked solid a few years ago. I just don't see the same kind of fever."

What this adds up to is nothing more than a distant early warning, to be read the way a grizzled political pro reads a poll showing a few faint signs of weakness in precincts long regarded as solid. Hockey still governs the sports enthusiasts of Boston the way basketball holds the heart of New York, or football the South. Still, there is a glimmer of discontent in Boston, which may tell us something about the consequences of the big-money sports explosion of the 1960s in the rest of the country.

In the beginning were the Bruins —a Boston institution extending back more than half a century, owned by a prominent New England family named Adams, no less. Playing in a region with many resettled Canadians, with no other important sport except baseball, the Bruins had the professional sports dollar virtually to themselves, and an audience attuned to



Bobby Orr had a brand-new experience this year: He played a game in front of an empty seat in Boston Garden.

BOSTON HOCKEY

CONTINUED

hockey. Even when the Bruins and the New York Rangers raced each other into last place during the 1950s, the fans rooted and suffered and hoped.

Then came the boom in the late '60s. First, Boston got good—very good. Phil Esposito, Ken Hodge and Fred Stanfield came to Boston in May, 1967, in a trade with the Chicago Black Hawks, and Espo went from being spear-carrier on the Bobby Hull line to the biggest goal-scorer in the league. They joined a 19-year-old defenseman named Orr and the nucleus of the Stanley Cup Bruins was formed. When they won the Cup in 1970, for the first time in three decades, Boston was theirs.

The Bruins were a colorful bunch who could exploit their popularity. Apart from some of the best talent in the league, Boston had a sense of high—or low—style, flair and a streak of Irish madness. Johnny "Pie" McKenzie, a journeyman NHL player, had found a home with Boston. "Mac was the heart, the soul, the life of the Bruins," recalls Kevin Walsh, a former reporter who is now public relations man for the WHA New England Whalers. "He had flair, aggressiveness; he was as popular a guy as there was on the team after Orr." Teddy Green, a battling defenseman, would go into any corner after any opponent. And Derek Sanderson, with a brilliant flair for the media, converted a mod haircut, flashy clothes, wicked tongue and considerable hockey talent into one of the most marketable sports images (indoor variety) in America.

The demand for hockey in Boston seemed insatiable. The minor-league Braves were brought into Boston and often drew 10,000 people to their games. The Storer Broadcasting Company, UHF channel 38, found that its telecasts of Boston home games were pulling ratings unheard of for a UHF station in a VHF market; as many as 70 percent of the sets turned on in Boston were tuned to Bruin games.

Naturally, the salaries—and the egos—of some of the players began to skyrocket. Ten years ago, a $25,000 salary was extravagant, and even five years ago, only legends like Bobby Hull and Gordie Howe were earning anything like $80,000 or $100,000 a year.

Then came players' agents, sports attorneys, escalating ticket

The New England Whalers have benefited from the hockey mania in Boston; they could be the first hurt by a slump.



prices, more television money, and a competing major hockey league, the World Hockey Association. Bobby Hull went from Chicago to Winnipeg for $2.5 million; Sanderson left the Bruins for Philadelphia for $2.65 million (only to come back after scoring a total of three goals); McKenzie left Boston to become player-coach of the Blazers; Teddy Green went to the New England Whalers. The Bruins who stayed, like their NHL counterparts in other established cities, found their salaries at levels five to ten times what they dreamed of as junior hockey players.

"Hockey players aren't like football or basketball players; they've never seen a college campus, and many of them come from isolated, small towns—almost frontier settlements," says a source very close to the Boston hockey world. "All of a sudden these kids go from $10 a night to $50,000, $100,000 and absolute adulation. And some of them just can't handle it. They become part of an arrogant, fat-cat, spoiled bunch."

Eddie Andelman, a portly, voluble businessman who co-hosts a highly successful radio show called "Sports Huddle," is more explicit. With a reputation as the most iconoclastic sports commentator in Boston, Andelman cheerfully attacks the Bruins' players, management and fans—which in Boston is like a food critic blasting the taste of the communion wafer.

"This is not the hockey hotbed everybody thinks it is," Andelman insists. "The Adams family knows it. When they sold the Bruins to the Garden, they saw this fever ebbing. [The Garden has, in turn, sold the Bruins to Storer Broadcasting Company.] Part of the reason is the attitude of the management and the players. Sure, there are good guys. Ken Hodge is one of the finest people I've ever met. No one does more for the community—working, taking money out of his own pocket. But the rest of them? Orr is the biggest phony I've ever met. The endorsements, demanding $1500 for an appearance . . . it's all gotten a little ridiculous."

But for Andelman, who had a season Bruin ticket for nine years, the most important source of disaffection—and potentially the most troublesome one for the Bruins' long-term interest—flows not from the players, but from the play. Between expansion and the WHA, Andelman argues, hockey just isn't that interesting anymore.

"The way it's being played today, hockey is a game for the ignorant," Andelman snaps. "First, there used to be strategy—players used to earn goals. Now, they shoot the damn puck in and hope it deflects off somebody's tootsie.

"Second," he goes on (Andelman tends to go on, but the result is usually engaging), "each team had an attraction, an identity. You had high-scoring games with Chicago and Glenn Hall; Detroit meant Howe and Abel; the Rangers were always the traditional Boston-New York rivalry—and you saw the teams enough to know the guys. Now I can't name you more than one guy on those teams from the Coast, much less the WHA. The teams you *do* care about come here in November, and then they aren't back till February or March."

Boston hockey fans, who pride themselves on their sophistication, have been vocal in their opinions of expansion and what it has done to the play of the NHL.

"They love it in Atlanta," one long-time season-ticket holder told me, "because they don't know what makes good hockey. When you watch hockey for 25 years, you know."

Along with expansion has come saturation: An explosion of hockey in the Boston area that may have had the unintended effect of reducing interest across the board. Last year, the New England Whalers became the most successful team of the new World Hockey Association. They finished first in the Eastern Division and drew an average attendance just under 7000; their first game, against the Philadelphia Blazers, drew more than 14,000 customers. But that opening night figure has never been equalled by the Whalers. And in the first two months of the 1973-74 season, the Whalers never drew as many as 6000 to a game.

Just as in politics or the theater, a sports event is simply not as exciting played before a house of mostly empty seats. A first-time Whaler ticket buyer is likely to feel embarrassed, as if he is at an event not worth going to. Having tickets so available is likely to produce a reaction akin to Groucho Marx's: "I wouldn't join any club that would have me as a member."

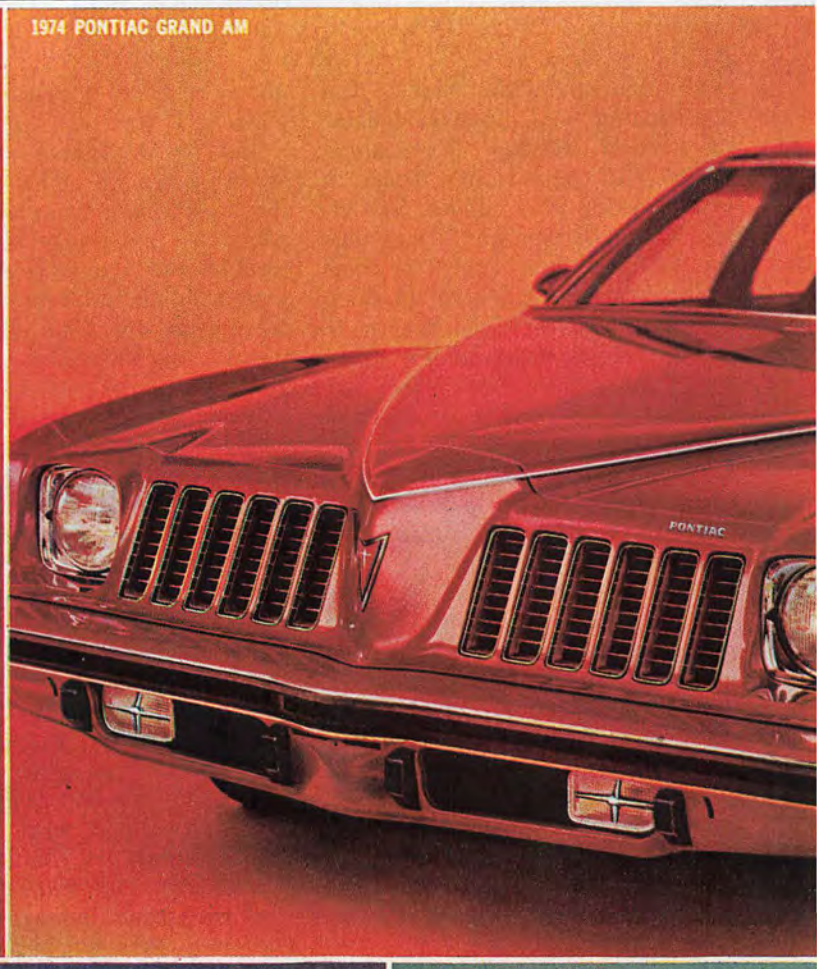
While the Whalers are not matching last season's attendance, they are virtually destroying the minor-league Boston Braves. The only time the Braves drew more than 2000 in Boston this season was when Derek Sanderson was getting back in shape by skating with the team. One hockey buff says, "I wouldn't be at all surprised if the Braves aren't around a year from now. It'd be cheaper to keep a taxi squad for the Bruins, like they do in football."

And the Bruins themselves? They don't seem to be suffering. They are in first place, Esposito may break his own ridiculously impressive scoring record, and the fans are still filling the Garden. But much has changed: McKenzie and Green are in the WHA now; Orr, despite his brilliance, seems to have lost a step or two, and the spirit of free-wheeling, brawling enthusiasm has been supplanted by a spirit of corporate confidence. As the New York Yankees can tell you, when a team begins to look less like a group of young men playing their heads off, and more like an investment club, the fans have a way of turning off.

Someday in the imaginable future, the neurotic Bostonian might be asked by his psychiatrist, "How's your obsession with the Boston Bruins coming along?" And the Bostonian, completely cured, might answer, "Who?" ■



1974 BUICK LeSABRE



1974 PONTIAC GRAND AM



1974 CHEVROLET CHEVELLE LAGUNA TYPE S-3



1974 CADILLAC COUPE deVILLE CABRIOLET





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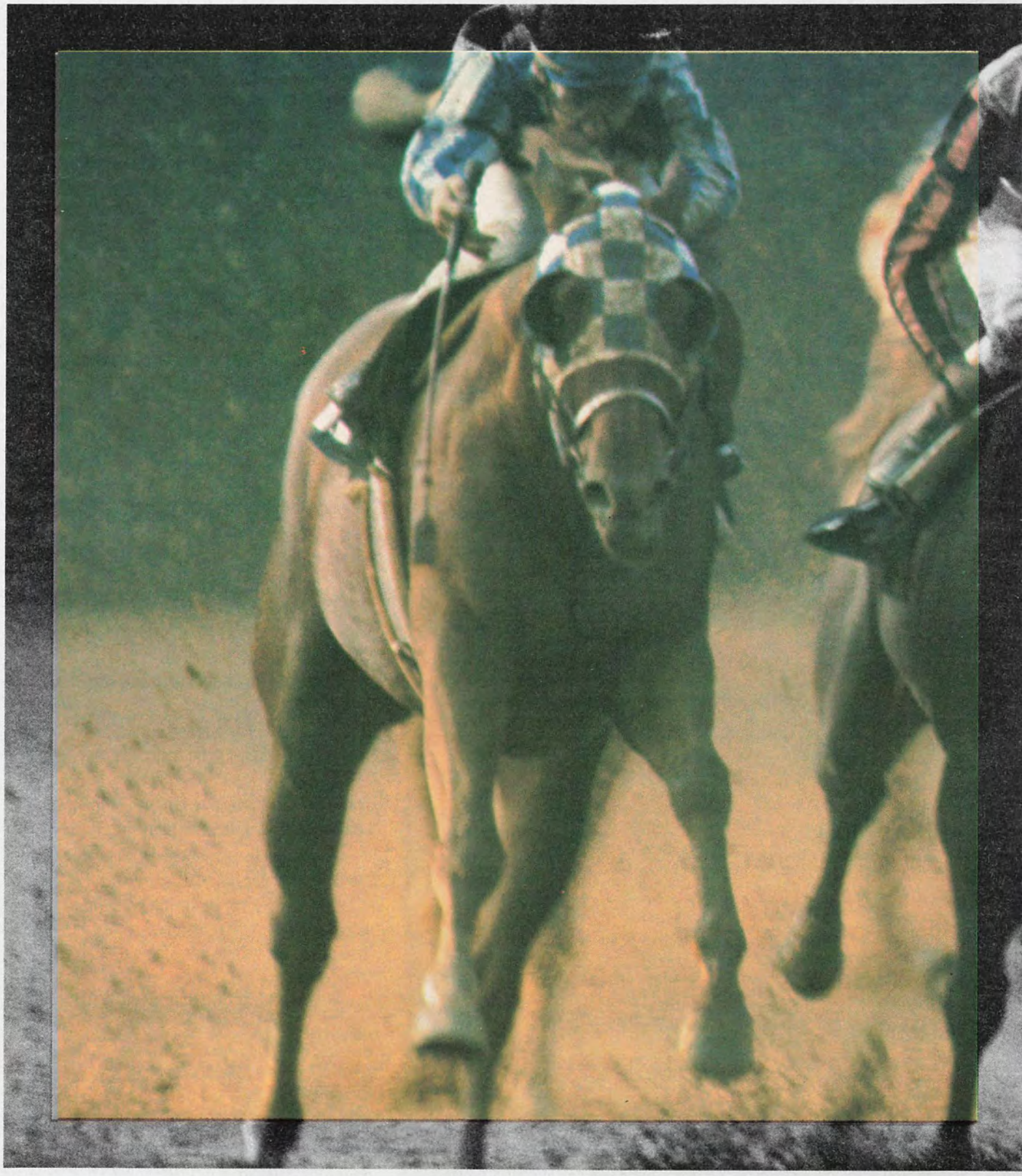
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SPORT'S 27TH ANNUAL AWARD

PERFORMER OF THE YEAR: SECRETARIAT

The Show-Biz Stallion

It didn't seem conceivable, after the selection of Mark Spitz as Performer of the Year for 1972, that SPORT could find a less articulate successor, but we managed. We've come up with the epitome of the strong, silent athlete, the swiftest horse since Pegasus, the chestnut champion, Secretariat.

Strong similarities exist between Secretariat and his predecessor. Both, for instance, became champions before they were old enough to vote; both achieved international fame before they formed romantic attachments, and both are available, for a price, through the William Morris Agency, a talent agency which does not waste time on small talents. Right now, the William Morris Agency stands a good chance of representing a third straight Performer of the Year in 1974, a fellow

THE TOP PERFORMERS OF 1973

named Henry Aaron. Secretariat, Spitz and Aaron are all doing commercials, thanks to William Morris, and Aaron strikes us as the best salesman of the three, with Secretariat second.

Secretariat, of course, is unaccustomed to running second. He earned the Performer-of-the-Year designation by winning horse racing's Triple Crown—the Derby, Preakness and Belmont—a trick which had not been turned by any horse, jockey or owner in a quarter of a century. Secretariat's racing days ended last fall; syndicated for more than $6 million, he was shipped to Kentucky to stand stud for as long as he is able. This makes Secretariat our second straight Performer of the Year to end his competitive career in the year of his selection—unless you consider his new specialty a competitive field.

In 1972, the Performer-of-the-Year competition pretty much came down to two men: Spitz or the chess champion, Bobby Fischer. In 1973, the candidates were more numerous and varied. Jackie Stewart, the retiring world driving champion; Billie Jean King, the not-so-retiring tennis champion; and O.J. Simpson, eating up yardage like no running back since Jimmy Brown, were all given consideration. In the end, we settled on Secretariat as the perfect blend of achievement and charisma, the performer who best captured the public and its imagination.

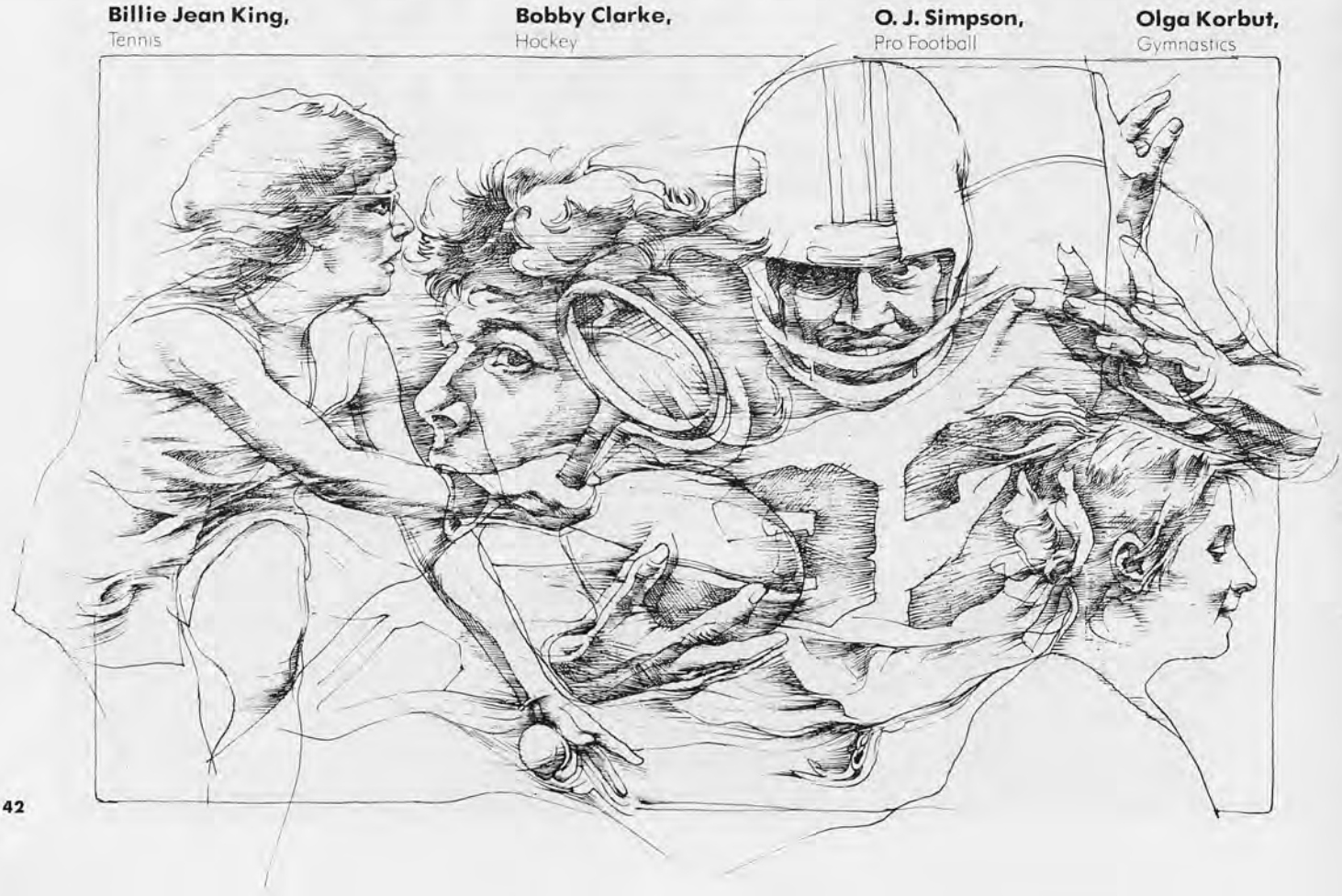
Here is our full cast of Top Performers:

BASEBALL: **Henry Aaron.** Under the most intense pressure, and at the age of 39, Aaron batted .301, hit 40 home runs and drove in 96 runs. Reggie Jackson and Pete Rose may have been more valuable, but Aaron was surely most incredible.

PRO FOOTBALL: **O. J. Simpson.** Finally, in his fourth pro season, O.J. proved what his supporters had said all along: Not since Jimmy Brown had pro football produced such a durable, dependable runner.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL: **John Cappelletti.** Using Franco Harris, his fullback predecessor at Penn State, as an indication, John Cappelletti may be the best pro prospect to win the Heisman Trophy since . . . O. J. Simpson.

PRO BASKETBALL: **Nate Archibald.** The little man from Kansas City-Omaha led the National Basketball Association in 1972-73 in scoring (34 points a game) and assists (11.4), a Dou-



ble Crown never before achieved.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL: **Bill Walton.** For the second straight year, the UCLA center was a clear choice. His greatest problem may be winning a third straight time; the competition for 1973-74 looks stronger than ever.

HOCKEY: **Bobby Clarke.** The first expansion-team player to score 100 points in a season, and the first to win the National Hockey League's Most - Valuable - Player award, Clarke transformed the Philadelphia Flyers from promising to prominent.

GOLF: **Tom Weiskopf.** To be fair, Jack Nicklaus was the *best* golfer in 1973, as he is almost every year, but Weiskopf put on the best performance: From May to December, Weiskopf entered 14 events, won seven of them and never finished lower than sixth. His total prize winnings exceeded a third of a million dollars.

TENNIS: **Billie Jean King.** She didn't have her absolutely best year on the court, but she won the match witnessed and worried about by more people than any other tennis match in history: She drove Bobby Riggs to distraction and, more shocking, to silence.

AUTO RACING: **Jackie Stewart.** The Scottish star won his third Grand Prix championship, then demonstrated the same good sense, timing and judgment by announcing his retirement from competition.

BOXING: **George Foreman.** Some people say Foreman should be the Magician of the Year, because he made himself disappear, but the young ex-Olympian deserves credit for his destruction of Joe Frazier. He also beat Joe Roman, if anyone cares.

GYMNASTICS: **Olga Korbut.** The 18-year-old Soviet star was slowed by injuries that prevented her from winning some major titles, but she has done more for her sport than anything since the invention of the parallel bars.

SWIMMING: **Kornelia Ender.** The East German girl was only 14 years old when she set or helped set three world records—including an individual mark in the 100-meter freestyle. She should be an Olympic star in 1976 if she isn't too old (17) by then.

TRACK AND FIELD: **Steve Williams.** The 20-year-old New Yorker, who goes to school in San Diego, won the 100-yard dash and the 220 in the AAU championships, tied a world record at 100 yards and outraced Olympic champion Valery Borzov during a tour of Russia. He was the first man to win the AAU double in 13 years.

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR: **Chuck Foreman.** The Minnesota Vikings needed a breakaway threat to become champions in 1973, and Foreman provided that threat.

CRITIC OF THE YEAR: **Charles O. Finley**, for turning off the movie on his team plane during the World Series. The movie was *1776* and Finley didn't like the way it ended—in a democracy. ■

Nate Archibald, Pro Basketball

Tom Weiskopf, Golf

Henry Aaron, Baseball

Bill Walton, College Basketball



KAREEM ABDUL-JABBAR IS STILL GROWING

BY PETER GENT

Now that Wilt Chamberlain has left the Los Angeles Lakers and sped south on the freeway to San Diego, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar dominates professional basketball like a colossus. On a day-in, day-out basis, he surpassed Wilt a couple of years ago, but now there's not even anyone close.

He is listed, officially, as seven-foot-two, but he is certainly taller, probably seven-foot-four, perhaps seven-foot-five, which would make him the biggest man in NBA history.

But his true measure has nothing to do with his height. It is this: Cowens, Maravich, Erving, West, Frazier, McGinnis, Gilmore, Havlicek, Barry, Hayes—every single one of them would be gone in an instant if he could be swapped straight-up, unconditionally, for Kareem Abdul-Jabbar.

By size, by skill and by inclination, Abdul-Jabbar is a basketball player apart, a man almost everyone appreciates and almost no one knows. Pete Gent got a chance to see Kareem up close, to sit with him in his home, to try—however imperfectly—to understand.

It was one of those amazing November days that moved the fuel crisis to the back of the mind. The sky was a brilliant blue and the temperature was in the mid-50s. I was flashing through Wisconsin at about 70 listening to Gladys Knight and the Pips doing "Midnight Train to Georgia."

"L.A. was just too much for the man. . . ."

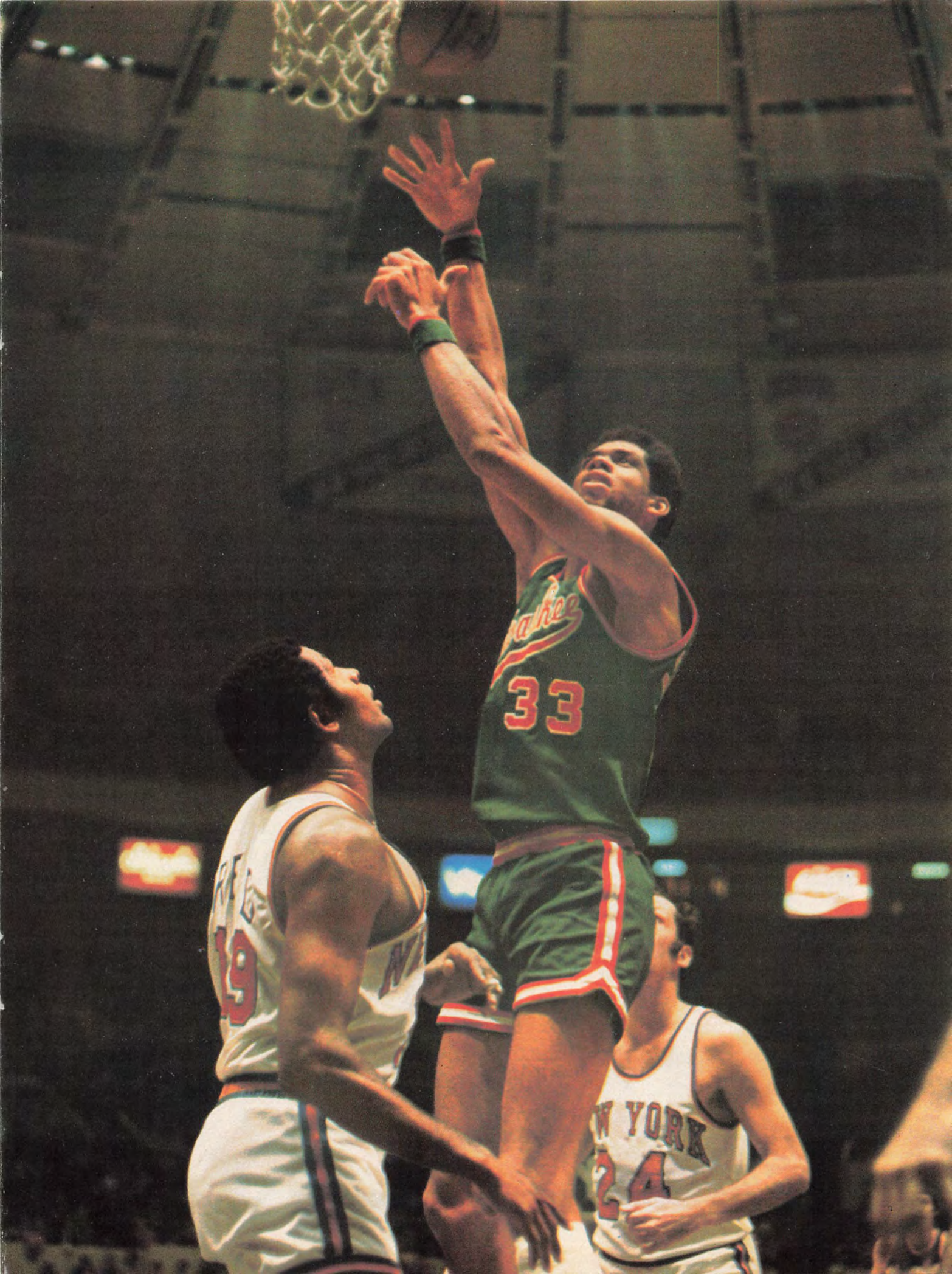
I was on my way to meet Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. I used to be a basketball player, too. I'm six-feet-four, and at Michigan State, they thought *I* was big. I had to guard Jerry Lucas. At least Abdul-Jabbar and I have that much in common.

It was Saturday afternoon and the Bucks were to meet the Detroit Pistons at eight that night. The skyline of Milwaukee looked clear and crisp against the late fall sky. Milwaukee is the Midwest. Clean, healthy, correct, American, its destiny quietly directed by the unseen hands of the brewers and accompanying elite. Social change is slow and calculated, conceived and directed from above. Two percent of Wisconsin's population is black. Nine percent of Milwaukee's population is black, very few of them over seven-feet tall.

As far as I could remember, I'd never met anyone more than seven feet tall. I might have, if I had accepted an invitation to try out for the Baltimore Bullets years ago, but I decided the Dallas Cowboys would be more fun. I have made a lot of mistakes in my life. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, apparently, has made very few. When he was 15 years old, people said he was going to revolutionize the game of basketball; when he was 15, his coach wouldn't let him talk to reporters. Now he is 26, and he has revolutionized his game, and he talks to reporters, but only when he clears the appointment in advance.

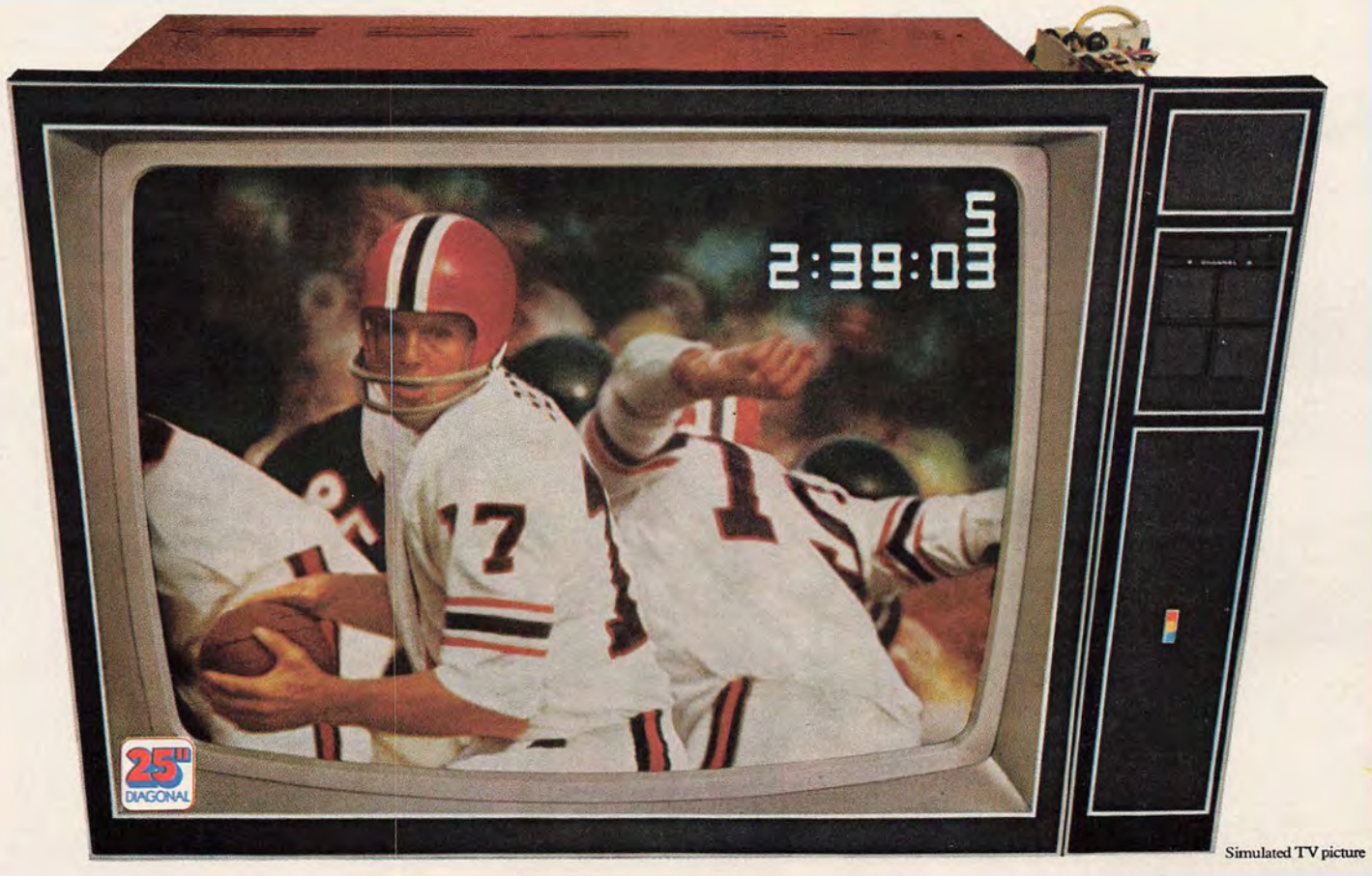
I checked into a hotel across the street from the Bucks' offices, which are conveniently located next to two adult book stores and an X-rated movie.

I called John Steinmiller, the Bucks' publicist, and he invited me over to go through his extensive files on Abdul-Jabbar. I sat in a cubicle just off the ticket office and read through the history of a tall black man who seemed to have struggled and lived the American


33
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Wait until the neighbors see that *your* TV has channel numbers that actually flash on the screen! You can even pre-set how long you want them to stay on before fading.

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Includes building the three professional instruments you'll need to test your TV and other digital equipment. You'll use the digital multimeter (pictured here), solid state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope and design console throughout the course and later, perhaps, in a full or part-time business of your own.

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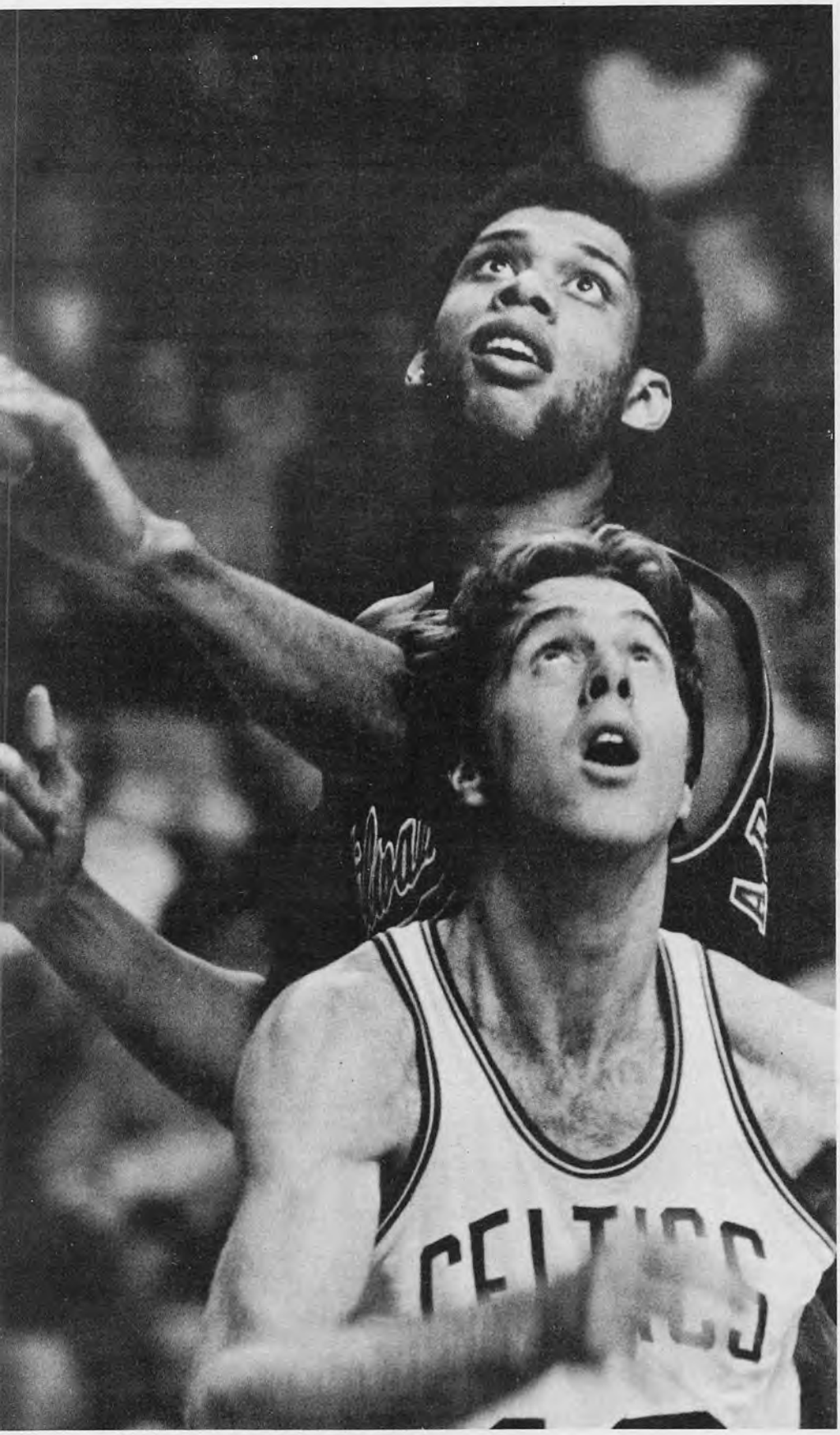
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GROWING

CONTINUED

dream. A three-year high-school All-America leading his Catholic high school, Power Memorial in New York City, to a 95-6 record in four years while spending his summers and free time working on ghetto projects. A three-year college All-America leading UCLA to three straight national collegiate championships and an 88-2 record. Abdul-Jabbar was three times chosen the outstanding player in NCAA tournaments, and chosen first in the 1969 NBA draft after Milwaukee won the pick on a coin toss. In his first season, Abdul-Jabbar averaged 29 points and 15 rebounds a game and helped move the Bucks from the NBA bottom to second place in the Eastern Division and a spot in the playoffs. The next year, pumping in 32 points and 16 rebounds a game, Abdul-Jabbar led the Bucks to the NBA title. It was his second year in the pros and only the Bucks' third year in existence. The past two seasons, Milwaukee has been beaten in the early rounds of the playoffs; Abdul-Jabbar has averaged better than 30 points a game each season.

The list of Abdul-Jabbar's accomplishments goes on and on but I think you get the idea. He's real good, probably the best ever.

A flurry of activity outside my cubicle turned my attention from Abdul-Jabbar's past. The Bucks had defeated Cleveland the night before in Cleveland, and the traveling staff had just returned.

Suddenly, Steinmiller was at my door with Larry Costello, the Bucks' coach. The introduction was quick and easy, followed by a vacuum that I nervously filled with some inane question like: "How's the season look?" or some such idiocy. The 12-year NBA veteran and six-time All Pro answered with

Dave Cowens was MVP in the NBA last season, but Kareem Abdul-Jabbar was, and is, the league's dominant player.

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Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73.

Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

GROWING

CONTINUED

rote skill and ease. Eyebrows knitted into a permanent frown of pressure, his mind truly on the Pistons, the Milwaukee coach talked of team play and how everybody must feel he is contributing. We talked of last year's injuries possibly costing them the title after a third straight season of 60 wins or more, an NBA record. I asked about Abdul-Jabbar. Costello had nothing but praise. "He does everything we ask of him." "One of the best?" "*The* best." There was really no reason for the questions or the answers, it was all down in black and white there on the desk. Costello left to continue preparing for the Pistons.

I was rummaging around in Abdul-Jabbar's West Indian heritage (his father believes he can trace the family back from Trinidad to Nigeria by way of the Gold Coast slave trade), his decision to take up the Islamic faith, and his participation in the 1968 Olympic boycott, when Steinmiller showed up at the door with Wayne Embry.

Embry is vice president and general manager of the Bucks. He was named to the position in March of 1972, the first black to occupy such a high-ranking position in professional sports. He is a hulking man with soft sad eyes and he ambled over to shake hands with the round-shouldered grace of one who spent 11 seasons shoving balls through baskets and men around courts. His huge hand gloved mine as we greeted each other. And after opening pleasantries, I asked about Abdul-Jabbar.

"He doesn't like to talk basketball. He's deep, you know what I mean." Embry fixed me with those sad eyes. "And he knows *who* he is. He *really* knows who he is."

The conversation wandered from the problems of being general manager to the moral crisis in Washington. "The values are gone." Embry shook his head sadly and absently fingered his championship ring. "Where are the values?" He held his hands open, palms up, not expecting an answer. I just nodded and stared at those hands that had clawed Wayne Embry out of Springfield, Ohio.

"Our beliefs direct us to exert a positive effect on our surroundings. . . . We want to work for the improvement of the whole environment and work within the framework of The Constitution which guarantees freedom of religion."

—Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

I met Kareem Abdul-Jabbar in the Bucks dressing room a couple of hours before the Piston game. The dressing room is deep in the bowels of Milwaukee Arena and it's really a *dressing room*, you know, with the rows of mirrors surrounded by rows of light bulbs where all the chorus girls put on their eyelashes while naked to the waist and hungering for. . . . Where was I? Ah yes. The dressing room. It *actually is* one of those dressing rooms, like for chorus girls.

"It's because of the circus," Jabbar explained, after I'd expressed my delight at the weirdness of all the mirrors and lights. "The circus plays here and they need all this." I nodded my comprehension.

We talked casually, and I was out of my league. He had a strange shy confidence. The surety of a man who knows his god. Embry was right. He knew who *he* was. I asked several pointless questions. He talked of doing his life's work within the frameworks of his Islamic beliefs. We made plans to meet again. I wished him luck and we parted. The Bucks beat the Pistons that night in overtime.

"I was talking to little black kids who are going to suffer because they don't have any examples to model themselves on. I tried to give them some kind of an example. They dig basketball, so they dig me. They can relate to me, and if I tell them something, they listen. I look at it this way: If I can change ten would-be junkies into useful citizens, turn them on to school and to useful lives, maybe get them started on how to run a crane at $4 an hour, that's the most important thing I can do right now. Because if each of those ten turns on another ten to decent and useful lives, the geometric progression builds up, and pretty soon you can see an end to some of the black suffering that goes on today. That, in my opinion, is where it's at. By comparison, an Olympic gold medal is a joke."

—Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, on the 1968 Olympic boycott

I knew that Abdul-Jabbar was a Sunnite Muslim and had had his shahada (baptism) into Islam in 1968. He was Lew Alcinder and took the name Kareem Abdul-Jabbar in 1971. Orthodox Islam is the third largest religion in the world, and Mohammed is their prophet. Mohammed died in 625 A.D. All peoples and races are welcome in Islam.

I walked into Milwaukee Arena at 10:30 a.m., just as a practice session was beginning, and sat with Bill Bates, the Bucks' trainer. Bill Bates has been a trainer since 1958 in both the NFL and the NBA. He seems to prefer the NBA.

Larry Costello was putting the team through weave drills. The Bucks were a little stiff as they heeled and toed through the drills. After a short scrimmage, Costello told them to shoot some free throws and then go home. Bates took me back to the training room for a free Pepsi Cola. I noticed a giant trophy standing in the corner of the training room. It was Abdul-Jabbar's NBA MVP trophy.

"I was using it as a doorstop." Bates had noticed me looking at the trophy.

"Amazing." I laughed.

"I told him if he didn't take it home, I was going to keep it. He said O.K. I could have it."

We both laughed at the irony. I took a swig of my Pepsi. It tasted too sweet and flat. I threw the bot-



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GROWING

CONTINUED



Kareem Abdul-Jabbar towers over all of his NBA rivals physically and over a large percentage of them emotionally.

tle in the wastebasket, two points.

"He's a great guy," Bates continued. "One of the best."

Some people wandered into the room for treatment or gossip. I thanked Bill and walked back out to the floor to wait for Abdul-Jabbar.

Larry Costello was sitting on the bench watching the lingering players working extra. The deep frown was still around his eyes. Sitting next to him, I could feel his tension, his energy. We exchanged pleasant hellos and then fell silent watching the actions on the floor.

"Look at Oscar," Costello's eyes were on the far end of the court where Oscar Robertson was shooting jump shots. "Every shot exactly the same." Robertson took several shots while we watched in silence. His form never varied and each time the ball hit the bottom of the net with a snap. God, how time flies. Robertson started pro ball when I entered college and now he casually flicked jump shots looking 25 years old while I sat there feeling 100.

Just then, Abdul-Jabbar emerged in his street clothes. I wished Larry Costello luck against Omaha the next afternoon where I knew his mind already was.

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar lives on the eighth floor of a modest apartment building that faces Lake Michigan. The section of town is well kept, but has seen better days. Down the block, gigantic Victorian mansions sit on the edge of the blue water.

I left my shoes at Abdul-Jabbar's door and settled into a chair facing a window with exposure to the lake. The conversation wandered without structure. How did Abdul-Jabbar feel about athletics as a platform for social change, i.e. the 1968 Olympic boycott? Gone about as far as it can go. There seems to have been little real change. How about pro sports? Financially, it had been a boon to him but professional athletics was basically a distraction for the public. There seemed to be more and more need for distraction. Basically, he was trying to live his life according to the tenets of his faith. To live and grow within Islam. A phone call interrupted us. The person calling needed some Arabic translated, and Jabbar obliged; he studied Arabic at Harvard last year.

"I do a little missionary work here," he said, as he settled himself back into the couch and gazed back into the lake. "Not much, but a little." There isn't much of a community for Kareem Abdul-Jabbar in Milwaukee.

I asked about friends and social activity. Very few and very little. Most of his time is spent on the court or in his apartment. The apartment looked very temporary, few furnishings, a Japanese chest and two Samurai swords, oriental rugs rolled up in the corner. A stone sculpture from mainland China was encased in a glass bookcase. The off-season was spent traveling extensively collecting cultural knowledge and artifacts. He spent five weeks in Libya where the Islamic faith and law has the sanction of the government. The conversation wandered aimlessly as his round clear eyes kept moving out to the lake as if he was waiting and watching for something. I enjoyed his company. Shortly, his year-old daughter Habiba (just waking from her nap) came into the room. I thanked him and left.

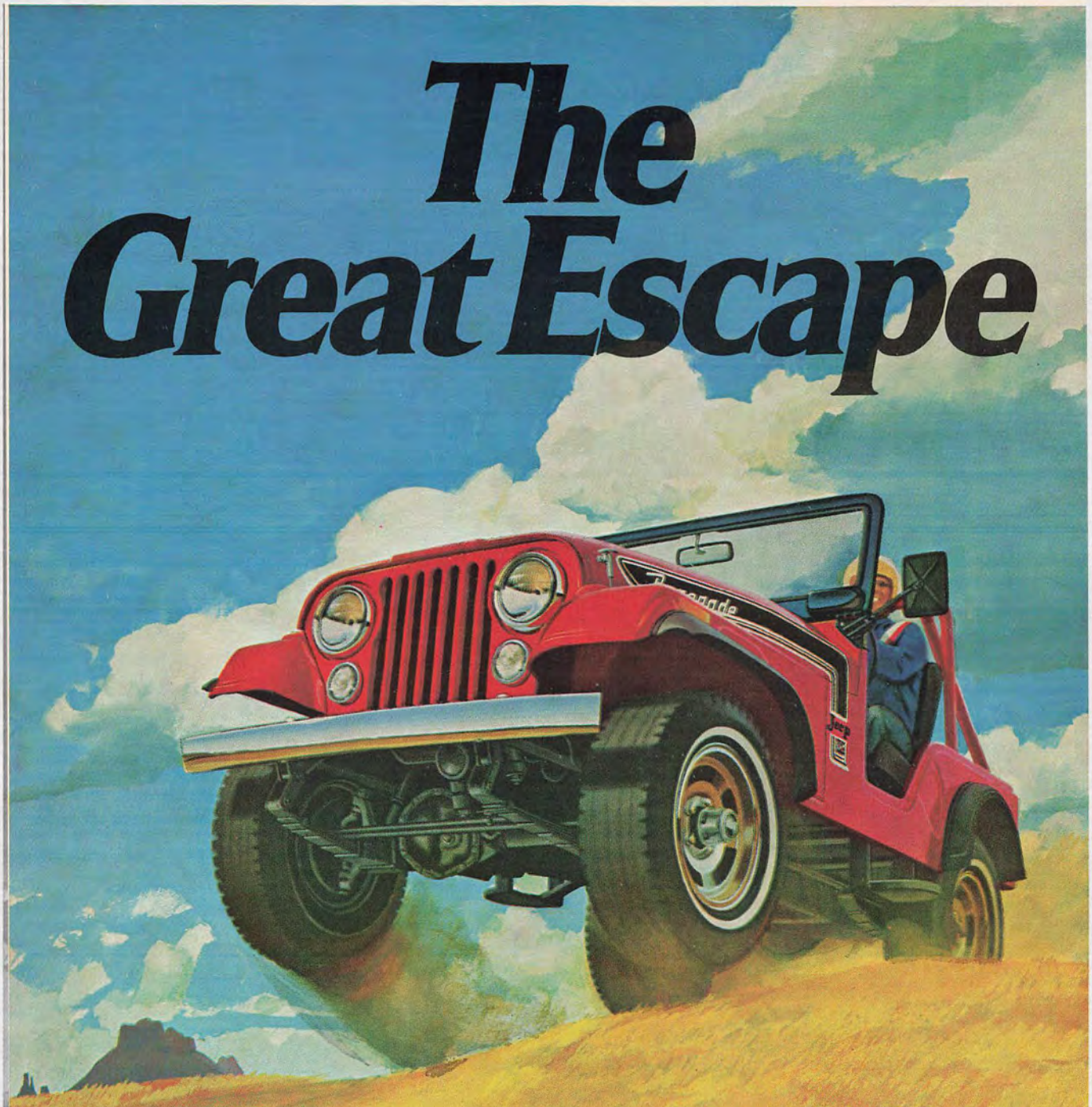
While out sailing on the ocean
while out sailing on the sea
I bumped into the saviour and
He said "pardon me"

I said "Jesus you look tired"
He said "Jesus so do you,
Sit down son cause we got some
fat to chew

—John Prine

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar was seven feet tall in the 10th grade. He seems to understand that just being big is pointless. Even giants have to grow. ■

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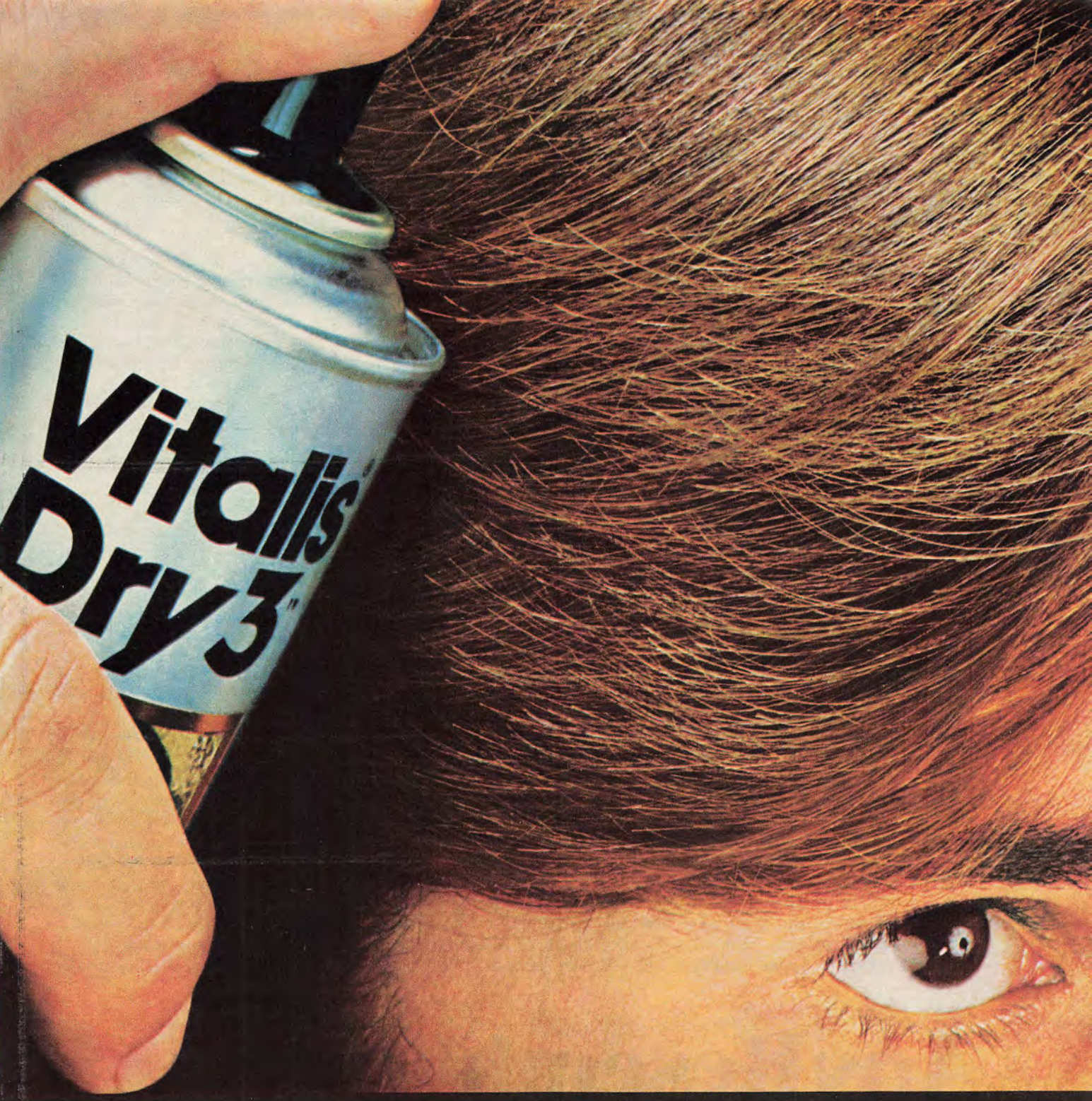
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BY PETE AXTHELM

Any Resemblance Between Artis Gilmore And Colonel Sanders Is Purely Coincidental

Artis Gilmore had just completed an awesome exhibition of shot-blocking and rebounding. Standing before a mirror in the Kentucky Colonels' dressing room in Freedom Hall, he looked only slightly less fearsome than he had on the court. Gilmore is a seven-foot, two-inch millionaire, one of the major beneficiaries of the war for talent between the two pro basketball leagues. Like all the young men who have grown suddenly rich in that war, he is well aware that the Colonels and the American Basketball Association need him much more than he needs them—and that if either the team or the entire league abruptly collapsed, he would be out of work for all of five minutes before somebody else made a bid for him. In other words, Artis doesn't have to give a damn about who owns his team or whether the owner makes money. So it seemed slightly ridiculous to approach him and introduce myself as a friend of the owner.

My mind flashed for a moment over comparable situations. Would you shake Vida Blue's hand warmly and tell him that your pal Charlie Finley sent you? Could you have a beer with some of the long-haired New York Yankees and tell amusing anecdotes about your friend, George Steinbrenner, the owner who wants all his players to get haircuts? The possibilities were endlessly depressing. But there was scarcely time to consider them before Artis Gilmore began smiling broadly and saying, "You're a friend of Ellie Brown? Great, hope you can hang around with us for awhile. Ellie's something else, isn't she?" Then another wealthy superstar named Dan Issel repeated the same thoughts about the Colonels' rookie owner, and it became obvious that in the every-man-for-himself world of pro ball, this lady really is something else.

Wendell Ladner is neither rich nor a star. He is a fourth-year forward from Southern Mississippi who earns his living with his elbows, hips and any other weapons that might help to frighten and frustrate the high-scoring forwards on opposing teams. Recently, Ladner played back-to-back games against the ABA's most brilliant scorer of all, Julius Erving of the New York Nets. When he had finished working over Dr. J., the Colonels had two victories, and the Doctor had a reduced scoring average—and a lot of resentment. Later somebody told Babe McCarthy, the Kentucky coach, that Dr. J. said he'd like to whip Ladner.

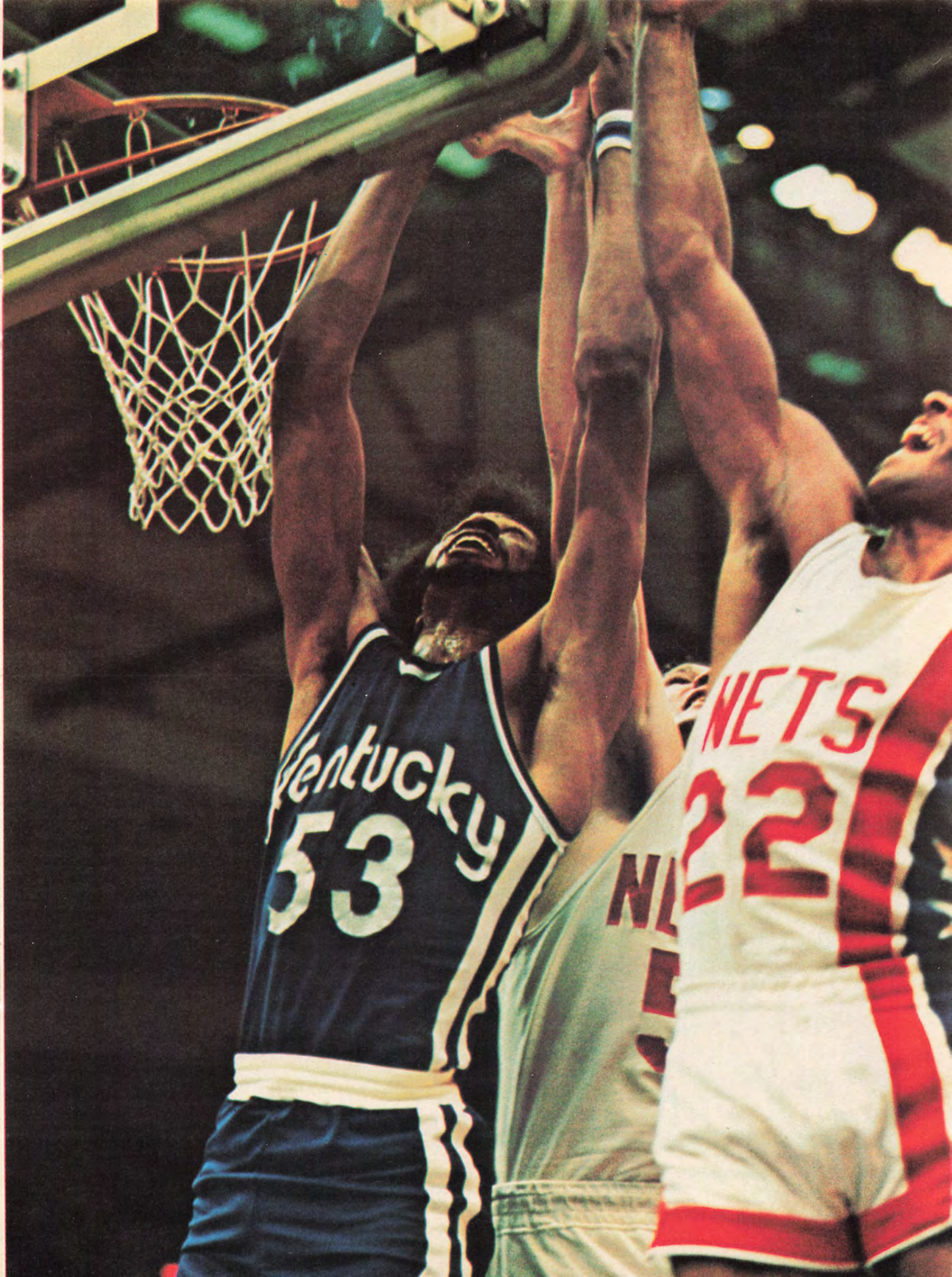
"Y'awl tell him to bring his lunch," drawled Babe, "because he'll be in for an all-day ass-kickin'."

How did the brawling, snarling Ladner prepare for his season's work as the league's most physical defender? Heavy construction work? Wrestling? Swilling beers and then chewing up the glasses? "I went to a coffee klatch or a tea party with Ellie Brown almost every day," Wendell said with a perfectly straight face. "I really enjoy going and meeting about 35 ladies and talking about the Colonels. And Ellie sold a lot of season tickets at those teas."

Many sports people considered it little more than a publicity stunt when Eleanor D. Brown, wife of millionaire John Y. Brown Jr., purchased the controlling interest in the Colonels this year, enlisted an all-female board of directors and took over as chief operating officer. The money, after all, came from the fortune that John Y. had accumulated in Kentucky Fried Chicken and other ventures; insiders insisted that John Y. was making the major decisions, such as the selection of the coach and general manager. Feminists also ridiculed the notion that this wealthy mother of three was advancing the cause of liberation by buying her way into a man's game.

But such objections miss the reason for Ellie Brown's entrance into basketball. Ellie doesn't want to direct the Colonels' fast break or liberate the league. She hopes to run a business well enough to make it a success—and in doing that, she has already put the special stamp of her personality on the team and on the ABA. Under her leadership, the Colonels have been winning more games, drawing more fans—and apparently having more fun—than almost any other ABA club.

"At first, there were jokes around


Kentucky
53
NETS
22



Smoke from the finest tobaccos filtered through a bed of real charcoal to enrich the flavor and soften the taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Colonel Sanders

CONTINUED

the league about us," says Issel. "We heard crap about how we'd have to wear lace on our uniforms, things like that. But now that people are seeing the job these ladies are doing, there's no more laughing. I think everybody respects people who can do things the right way."

This is Ellie Brown's way: A few weeks before the season began, she swept into the office of the president of a large Louisville bank and announced, "You bought eight season tickets last year. If you believe in this city, we expect you to buy 50 this year."

The bank president smiled pleasantly at the vivacious Mrs. Brown and assured her that he would take up the matter with his fellow officers and reach a decision. When Ellie reappeared in his office the next morning, the president said, "We have good news for you. We've decided to increase our purchase this year to 24 tickets."

The bright smile on Ellie Brown's round face hardly changed as she replied, "I said 50. Fifty or nothing. I won't accept your order for 24." Two days later, the bank bought the 50.

The local television executives also anticipated a cordial and profitable relationship with the new chairperson of the Colonels' board. When Ellie entered their conference room, they explained how poorly the Colonels had been doing and how tight things were in the business; then they offered one-third of the money they had paid for the rights to the team's games the year before.

The lady considered the proposal slowly and calmly. "I've been thinking a lot about television," she said finally. "And I've decided that there's a great danger of overexposure. I think maybe we should drop television completely for a year." Suddenly the mood of the meeting changed and the TV people were on the defensive, making offers to keep the Colonels on the air. When it ended, Ellie had the deal she wanted. "I loved every minute of those negotiations," she said later. "I had never realized just how much fun John has had for all these years in business."

John Y. Brown is a handsome 39-year-old entrepreneur who has translated his $30 million or so into a very good lifestyle. To establish the fact that Brown is anything but a stuffy, coupon-clipping type of millionaire, consider his public relations man and frequent companion: Jimmy (the Greek) Snyder.

Above all, John Y. Brown cherishes the virtue of good, innovative salesmanship. Back at Kentucky law school, where he was selling encyclopedias in his spare time and dating Ellie Durall of Central City, Brown sold encyclopedias the way he would later sell chicken. One night, after he and Ellie had put in many long, exhausting hours peddling the books, John finally suggested that they relax and enjoy a quiet, romantic dinner for two. Ellie smiled, looked lovingly into his eyes and said softly, "Let's sell a few more encyclopedias first." John Y. decided immediately that he had to marry the girl.

Lots of parents buy basketballs for their sons, but John Y. Brown III wanted a whole team. So his parents bought one.



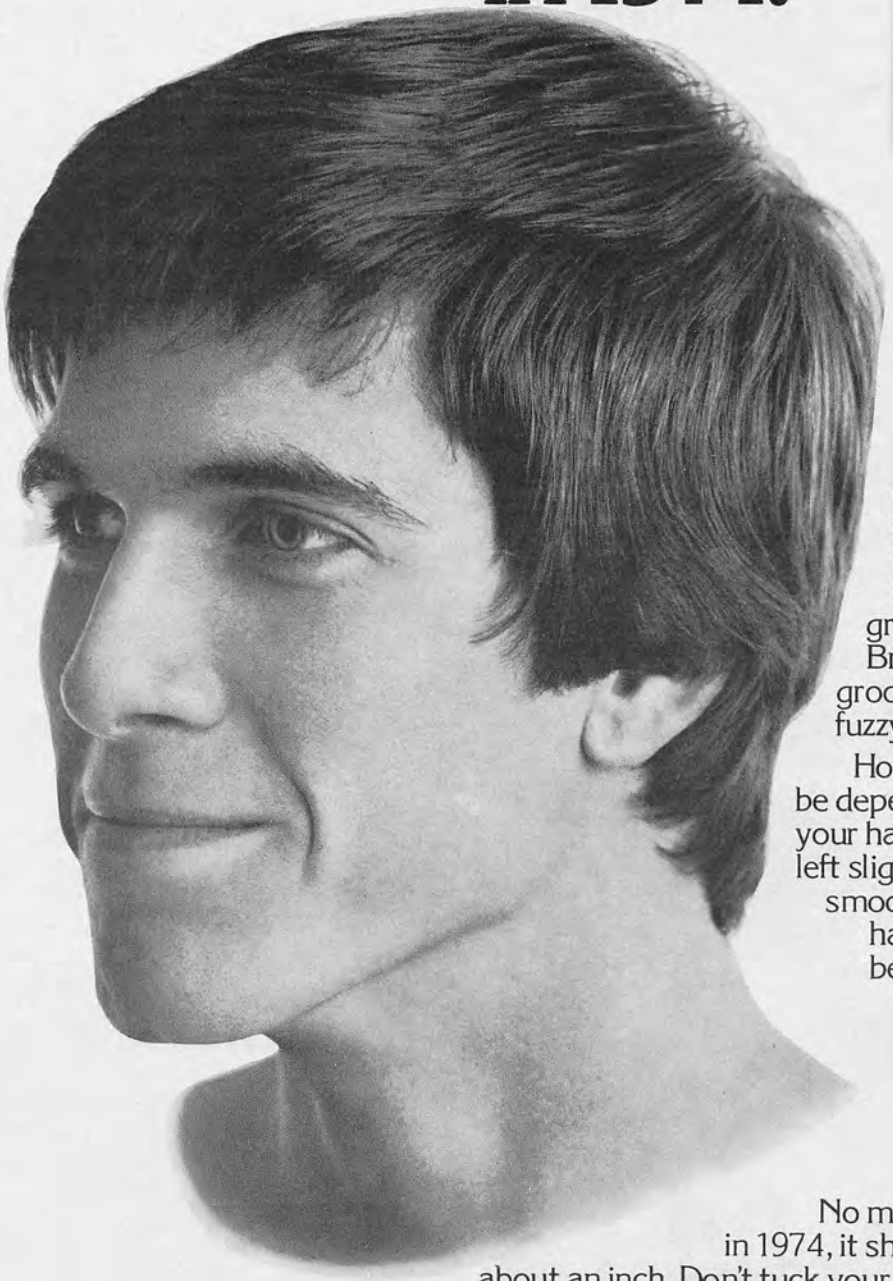
"The irony of pro sports," says John Y. Brown, "is that most people who make enough money to buy a team are also too busy with their businesses to pay much attention to running the club. Absentee owners have ruined a lot of pro teams. But Ellie has changed that, because she has the time to plunge into the Colonels' business. And I've always known that she had the brains and energy to analyze problems and make decisions as well as anyone."

The Colonels' glaring problems required no subtle analysis last summer. The club was losing as much as $500,000 a year, and the five owners—including minority stockholder Brown—had virtually given up hope and arranged to sell the franchise to a Cincinnati group. Then ten-year-old basketball nut John Y. Brown III convinced his parents to take a closer look at the team's plight. "It just doesn't make sense," young John pleaded, according to the story, "to have the Kentucky Colonels in Cincinnati. I want to play for them when I grow up, but in Louisville."

Since he has already proven his basketball dedication by making as many as 87 free throws out of 100, John's point of view commanded attention. "He made us think of all the other kids in the area who felt the same way," his mother now says. "His tears could have been the tears of every ten-year-old in town. We knew we had to do something." What they did was pay a little over $1 million for 52 percent of the team. Then Ellie began seeking ways to turn the franchise around.

"We were only selling a few hundred season tickets a year," she says. "Largely because the community didn't identify with us. We

Brylcreem tells you how to have short hair in 1974.



Short is still the opposite of long. But super-clipped sides are out. Your hair should be about the same length all over. Say 1" to 1-1/2," depending on texture. If your side hairs are growing to this length a little Brylcreem Hairdressing will groom them so they don't look fuzzy and unruly.

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No matter how short your hair is in 1974, it should cover your eartops by about an inch. Don't tuck your hair behind your ears; it just makes them stick out. Brylcreem Hairdressing will train your hair to cover your eartops neatly.

There is no excuse for short sideburns. They should stop about 1/2" above the bottoms of your ears.

And how to have long hair in 1974.

Longer hair today is layered hair; cut so your hair is about 4" long on the top and sides, and 6" long in back. (The Apache look is a thing of the past.) Keep your newly styled hair in place all day with Power Hold Dry Spray, the long-lasting hairspray by Brylcreem. A little spritz will do ya!

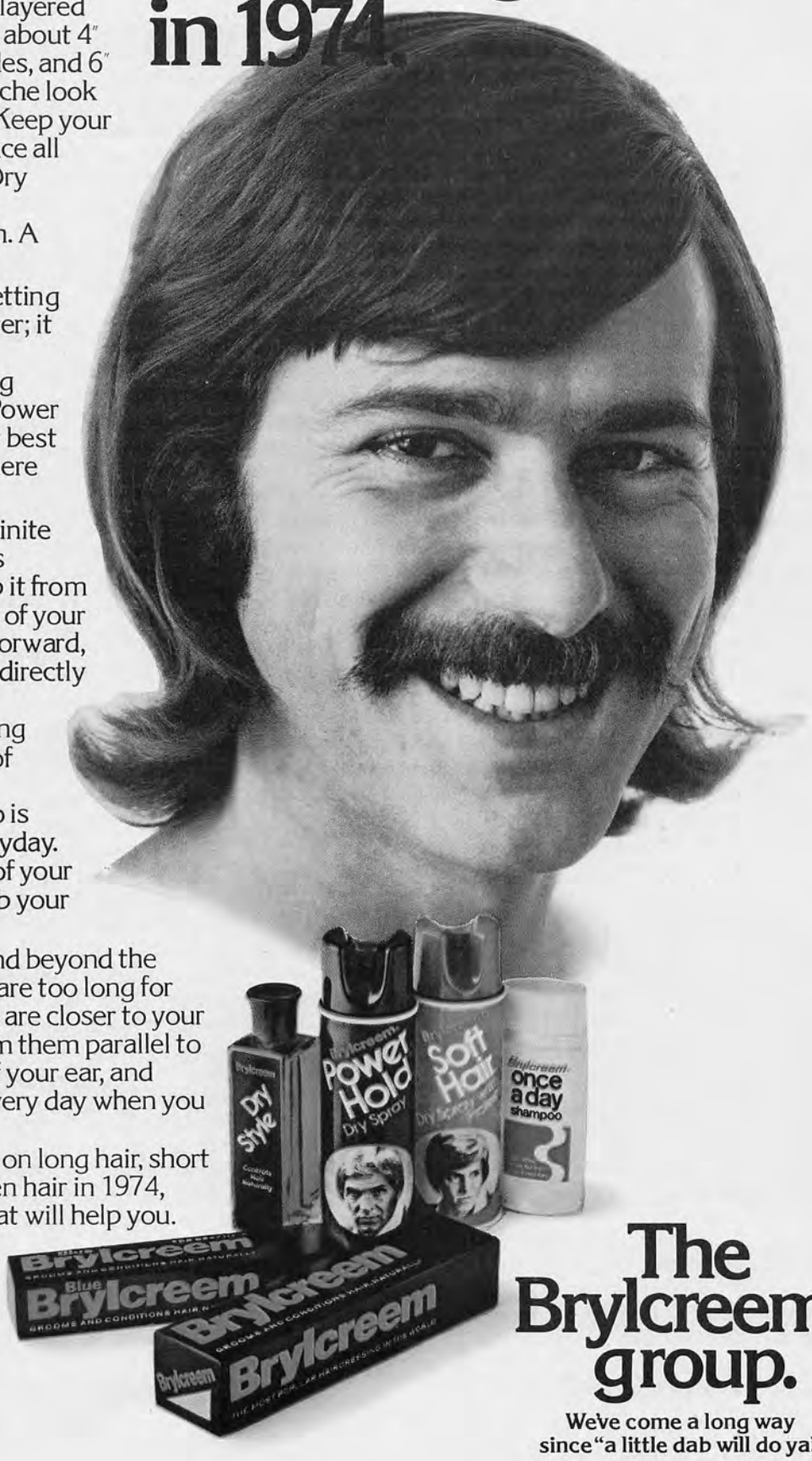
If your long hair is getting thin on top, cut it shorter; it will bulk up and look thicker. If you're training hair over a thin place, Power Hold Dry Spray is your best friend for holding it where you want it all day.

First you make a definite part in layered hair this length. Then you comb it from the whorl at the crown of your head. Groom top hair forward, side hair and back hair directly down.

Frequent shampooing adds to the liveliness of your hair. Brylcreem Once-A-Day Shampoo is formulated to use everyday. Its pH is close to that of your scalp so it won't disturb your natural chemistry.

Sideburns that extend beyond the bottom of the earlobe are too long for 1974. Sorry. Sideburns are closer to your head this year, too. Trim them parallel to the floor, at the base of your ear, and keep them that way every day when you shave.

Whether you decide on long hair, short hair, or even in-between hair in 1974, we've got a product that will help you.



The Brylcreem® group.

We've come a long way since "a little dab will do ya."

Colonel Sanders

CONTINUED

needed fast, personal exposure to the people, and we had to work day and night to get it."

The first step was gathering a board of directors. Ellie quickly lined up a group of women experienced in business and community work. The board began with five members and has now expanded to eight—plus the male vice-chairman whom the Browns' public-relations sense demanded, Kentucky basketball legend Adolph Rupp. The women, none of them stock holders, are rewarded with contributions from the Colonels to the various charities that they represent—but they work as if they were all getting as rich as the ground-floor investors in Kentucky Fried Chicken.

"We did in six weeks what should have taken six months," says Maxine Lutz, who personally sold about $40,000 worth of program ads. "And we're just starting. Imagine what we'll do when we have more time."

"Some men use two big lunches and four follow-up calls to sell $1500 worth of business," says another board member, Billie Clair Kurfees. "With our babies and careers and all to worry about, we never had time for all that. So we've been direct—and it works."

Even that direct approach, however, depended heavily on support from the players—and many cynics scoffed when Ellie proposed her campaign of ticket-selling teas and parties. "Those guys won't get up in the morning for good appearance fees," said one club official. "You're crazy if you think they'll come to your parties in return for nothing more than commissions on ticket sales." Yet within days the players were all showing up.

"A lot of us have homes here and want to stay in Kentucky," says Issel. "We saw how hard the ladies were working to save the team, and we felt that we had to pitch in."

While Ellie's campaign raised season ticket sales to over 3000, John Y. took measures to sharpen the Colonels' on-court performances. Mike Storen, now the ABA commissioner, resigned from his job as general manager of the Colonels after Ellie's takeover of the team, and Brown soon fired incumbent coach Joe Mullaney, whom he believed to be mishandling the moody star Gilmore. Storen was replaced by former Colonels' coach Gene Rhodes, a locally popular figure who was willing to help sell the team to the fans. Then Brown found his coach in the country-cured master of the one-liner, Babe McCarthy.

On road trips, McCarthy drinks liberal quantities of good bourbon, regales his men with hilarious tales of his coaching career, and challenges them in low-stakes, wildly entertaining poker games ("Deuces, jacks and low hole cards wild"). During basketball games, he fights and shouts to back up his men, and they have responded with fierce team defense and a fast-breaking attack that would enable them to hold their own against many teams in the NBA.

Such competition is the next order of business for the Browns. Despite their talk of emotional commitments to ten-year-olds, Ellie and John Y. are not in the basketball business to lose money. This year they expect Ellie's promotional drives to reduce the team's deficit to under $200,000; they even dream of approaching the break-even point if the Colonels live till the final round of the playoffs. But, like most ABA owners, they are basically fighting a holding action, trying to stay reasonably solvent until a merger between the leagues can be arranged. And unlike some of his less forceful colleagues, John Y. Brown is determined to rush that merger into being.

Even as a minority stockholder in the Colonels last season, John Y. did not hesitate to speak out at the very first league meeting he attended—demanding the firing of Robert Carlson, who was then commissioner. One rival owner reacted with shock: "Mr. Brown, what do you know about this business?"

"I know," snapped Brown, "that no business of mine ever lost as much money as this one." Since then, he has become an avid student of every antitrust law and Congressional opinion concerning the possibility of merger. He has also continued to be one of the most important fund-raisers in the national Democratic Party, a position that undoubtedly gives him more influence in Washington than any owner in either league ever hoped to have. His friend Jimmy the Greek hasn't issued an official line on it yet, but there is little doubt that the odds against merger get shorter with every week that the Browns spend in the ABA.

The future never looked brighter than at one recent home game, when John Y., Ellie and the Greek encountered something that once seemed impossible—a huge traffic jam leading to the Colonels' home, Freedom Hall.

The game was as satisfying as the crowd. Gilmore blocked, Issel scored, Ladner muscled opponents out of the flow of the action—and McCarthy backed it all up with a steady stream of colorful imprecations at the officials. It was still close and tense in the final moments, when John Y. leaned over and hugged Ellie. "Get this rebound, Mrs. B., and you've got it won."

Gilmore soared up and got the rebound. Then he fired an outlet pass to Issel for the clinching basket, and Mrs. B. did have it won.

When John Y. Brown is very excited about something, he has a habit of remarking, "It's the best idea since chicken." In recent months, he has frequently referred to Ellie's ownership of the Colonels as an idea that belongs right up there with Kentucky Fried. ■



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BY GEORGE VECSEY

Roy Boe Has A Doctor In The House... & Too Many Empty Seats

Roy Boe's reasoning is transparently simple: If Joe Namath could do it for Sonny Werblin, the New York Jets and the American Football League, then Julius Erving can do it for Roy Boe, the New York Nets and the American Basketball Association. For a mere $400,000, Broadway Joe made Werblin a genius, made the Jets a winner and made the AFL solvent. Boe is betting $4 million Doctor J. can work equal wonders.

Owner Boe's situation today is remarkably similar, in many ways, to owner Werblin's situation in 1965, the year Namath arrived on the scene. The ABA is in its seventh season; the AFL was in its sixth. The Nets have had only one winning season; the Jets had never had a winning season. The Nets must compete for affection and attendance with the New York Knicks, champions of the established National Basketball Association twice in the past four years; the Jets had to compete with the New York Giants, champions of their division in the established National Football League three times in the previous four years.

The parallels, of course, are not perfect. In 1965, the AFL had a healthy network television commitment and reasonably stable franchises in Boston, Cincinnati, Kansas City and Houston, cities which were already big-league in baseball, if not in all respects. The ABA has not been able to secure the lucrative, season-long network TV contract it desperately needs, and it has not been able to maintain a franchise *within* any of the nation's ten largest cities. (The Nets are settled outside the New York City limits.) The ABA last year drew best in such spots as Indianapolis (big-league only in auto racing), Louisville (big-league only in horse racing) and Salt Lake City (big-league only in tabernacles).

Yet the current Nets do have some of the exact same things going for them that the 1965 Jets had going for them. For instance, the Nets are playing their second season in a handsome new facility and are appealing largely to an affluent suburban audience. Equally important, the Nets are not competing head-to-head against the Knicks, game-by-game, because Knick tickets simply are not available to the average New Yorker; most people in the metropolitan area have no more chance of getting a Knick-Celtic ticket or a Knick-Buck ticket than they had a decade ago of getting a Giant ticket. For these people, it is the Nets or nothing.

The vast majority have opted for nothing. The Nets play their home games in front of an audience divided about equally between people and empty seats.

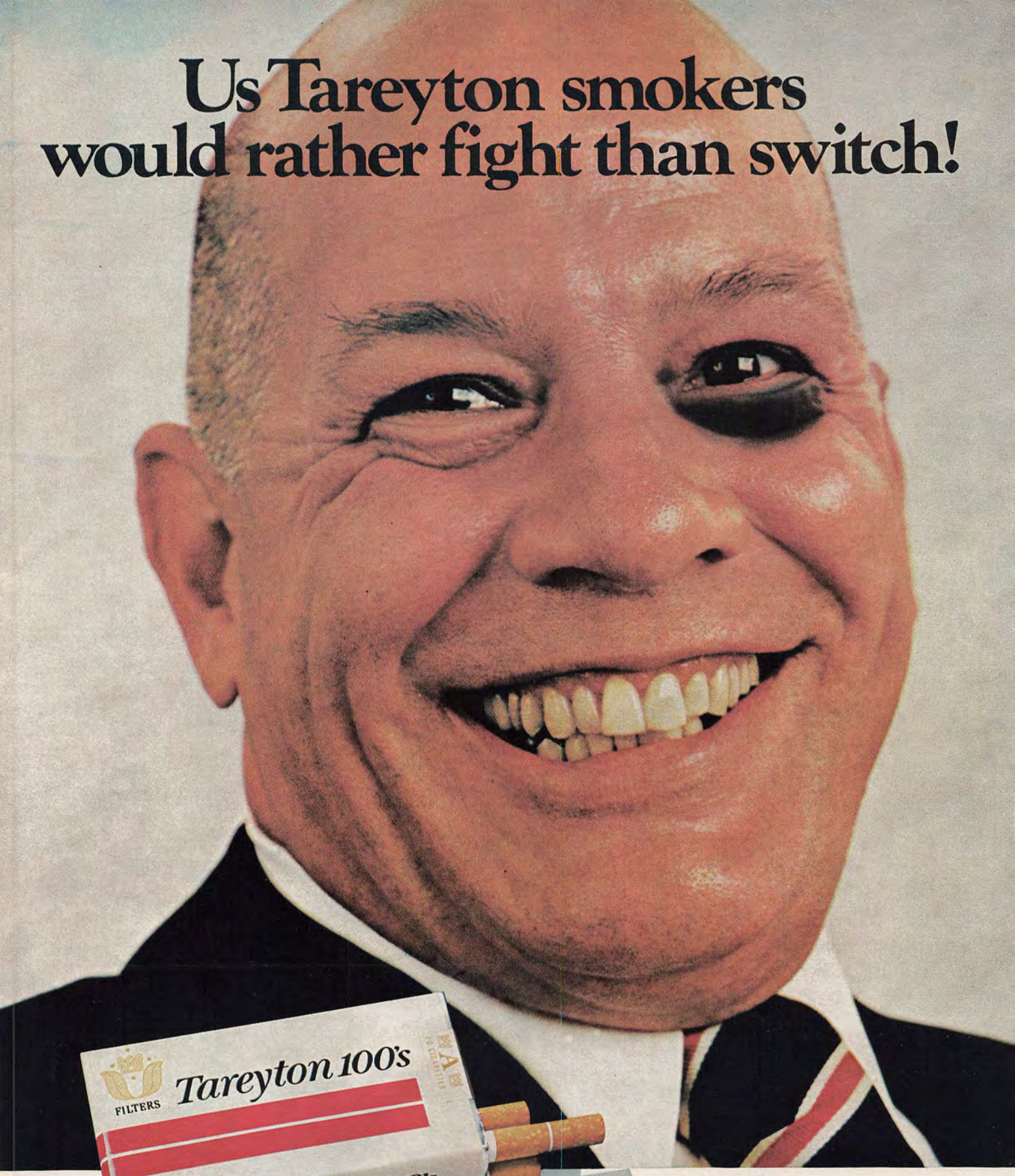
The Nets' home is on Long Island, in a small town called Uniondale, in a big building called the Nassau Coliseum, a $31.5-million palace which offers 16,000 seats, terrific sightlines and easy inexpensive parking. But even there, 30 miles east of Madison Square Garden, the Knicks are king, and the biggest crowd the Nets drew in all of 1973 came to watch an exhibition game against the Knicks. Most of the casually-dressed suburban fans, with their rosy-cheeked suburban children, took a good look at Doctor J., ignored the rest of the Nets and ended up screaming, "Dee-fense, dee-fense," the rallying cry of the Knicks, the visiting gods from Manhattan.

Roy Boe knows his problems. He can see the qualitative difference between the ABA and the NBA—perhaps a vital ten percent in raw talent and team cohesion—and he can appreciate the almost mystical appeal of the champion Knicks. Boe and his wife used to manufacture women's sports clothes under the trade name "Boe-jests," and he recognizes the value of brand names.

To put his brand on the Nets, and to make his brand competitive, Boe has taken several steps, all of which have cost him a lot of money. He has hired as his head coach Kevin Loughery, who played high school and college basketball in New York City, then made himself


NETS
32
10
Kentucky
44

Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!



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Roy Boe Has A Doctor In The House... & Too Many Empty Seats

CONTINUED

an All-Star in the NBA. And he has hired as his general manager, starting this fall, perhaps the most popular and respected of all the Knicks, the veteran Dave DeBusschere.

"My philosophy is, you don't try to exist with a fringe operation," says Boe. "You go for the best. I don't think it is quite the same for basketball and hockey. [Boe also owns the New York Islanders of the National Hockey League, and the Islanders, despite their poor record, do a much better job of selling seats in the Nassau Coliseum.] In hockey, some people go just to see the fights. In basketball, you must have artistic success."

Boe's biggest step, toward artistic and financial success, has been the acquisition of Erving, *the* superstar of the ABA, the league's one player as dramatically different as its red-white-and-blue ball and its three-point shot. In acquiring Erving, Boe was getting immense talent and, just as significant, *local* talent. Doctor J. grew up in Roosevelt, Long Island, a few miles down the road from the Nassau Coliseum.

"We're in show business, basically," says Boe. "We're fighting for the entertainment dollar. We've got to be good. That's why I spent that money for Erving [$1.5 million to purchase him, $2.5 million to make him happy with an eight-year contract]—because he was a proven talent. I'd make the same deal tomorrow."

The expense will be well worth it, if the Nets can fill the Coliseum regularly. The present season did not start well. Crowds were no larger than they had been the previous year, and early in the fall, the knees that propel Doctor J. into unbelievable orbits developed tendonitis. (The knee was the one area in which Boe did not want Erving to emulate Namath.) The Nets lost nine straight games and stumbled to a 4-10 record.

"I'm not worried," said Boe. "I believe we'll win the playoffs. We're a young club. We need some time to jell."

Before Doctor J., before Roy Boe, the Nets wandered through the wilderness, first as the New Jersey Americans, playing in an armory in Teaneck, New Jersey, which was only a few minutes from Manhattan, but nobody knew it. Next they moved to Commack, Long Island, which was so far east of civilization that the locals preferred watching a minor-league hockey team named the Ducks. (*Variety* should have written a headline: "NETS LAY EGG IN DUCKS' COOP.")

The first owner of the Nets was Arthur Brown, who owned a trucking company and could not afford to lose money indefinitely. One day Roy Boe walked into his office.

Roy Lars Magnus Boe was a businessman. He had grown up around Englewood, New Jersey, gone to Yale (his football career ended early with a leg injury), then made his fortune manufacturing women's clothing. He had sold his company for a big profit in 1966 and got involved with the Westchester Bulls, a minor-league football team that needed a big daddy who could keep the franchise operating.

But Boe was a compulsive businessman. In search of a profit, he moved the Bulls to Long Island, and went to visit Arthur Brown to propose they open one sales office, with a mutual staff, to sell season tickets for their respective clubs.

"You're the kind of guy who should own this club," Brown said, impressed with Boe's persuasiveness. And for around $1 million, Boe and some associates were in major-league basketball. Well, at least they were in the ABA.

Boe needed a place to play, closer to the city than Commack. He knew that Nassau County was planning to build an indoor arena on the site of an old air force base.

"I assumed they would want a basketball team," he said. "It was a calculated risk on my part."

It was a good calculation. Boe soon had a five-year lease for the Nets and a 20-year lease when he was awarded an NHL expansion franchise, the Islanders.

Operating in a temporary home in the dingy Island Gardens, his office in a basement, Boe began sinking money into the Nets the way he had sunk money into his clothing business a decade earlier.

He already had Rick Barry, the high-priced forward who switches clubs the way children switch cereal brands. And Boe tried giving the Nets a local image by hiring Lou Carnesecca from St. John's University, the dominant basketball power in New York. Little Looie was an excellent strategist who had a warm feeling for his college players and performed antics on the sidelines.



Roy Boe is a businessman who believes in spending money to make money, even $4 million for a non-medical doctor.

Looie was also a man of honor. One of his earliest decisions was not to try to sign a Long Island kid

Roy Boe Has A Doctor In The House... & Too Many Empty Seats

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named Julius Erving before his senior year at the University of Massachusetts. The older NBA didn't lure kids out of college, Looie reasoned. Why should he? So the ABA's Virginia Squires did it, instead.

With Boe's checkbook behind him, Looie began putting a team together. He blended Billy Paultz, a hard-working but raw center from St. John's; Bill Melchionni, a capable guard who had been a fringe player in the NBA; Tom (Trooper) Washington, one of those rare forwards who is willing to defend and rebound and pass; John Roche, a flashy city kid from South Carolina's underground railroad; and Ollie Taylor, a high-jumping city kid from Houston University.

The Nets moved into the Nassau Coliseum in February of 1972. The Coliseum wasn't complete—but the Nets almost were. They had learned to work together, to penetrate the defense, to use crisp, short passes like New York City schoolyard players. They had learned to shake Rick Barry free for his quick jump shots and drives.

In the playoffs, the Nets sliced up the Kentucky Colonels as if they were Thanksgiving turkeys. The Colonels had just won 68 of 84 regular-season games. Even when the Nets lost to the Indiana Pacers in the final round, there was no feeling of disgrace. More than 15,000 people had packed the Coliseum for a playoff game.

Since then, it has not been the same. Barry may not have left his heart in San Francisco—but he had left his signature on a contract there, so he returned to the NBA. The Nets picked up George Carter as a hired gun, to score some points, but he was no Rick Barry.

The big project for 1972-73 was Jim Chones, who had played two seasons for Al McGuire at Marquette. Perhaps trying to help Chones provide for his widowed mother, McGuire told the world that Chones could be a star professional center. This time the Nets went after a player before his senior season, setting up a contract worth maybe a million dollars.

Kevin Loughery came to the Nets from the Philadelphia '76ers. He is entitled to consider the ABA a genuine promotion.

As it turned out, Chones could not dislodge the rapidly-improving, baby-faced Billy Paultz. And trying to play forward, Chones was neither effective nor happy. The Nets played poorly early in 1972-73. They lost a game in Carolina by 48 points and when they came home, the Coliseum was half-empty. The players looked around and got an idea what kind of season it would be. No Barry. No fans. No nothing.

"There was a dejection all year," Billy Paultz recalls.

The players tried to break the spell. One night in San Diego, they called a private team meeting, an encounter session, to let the gripes come out. Almost savagely, Carter and Washington and Jimmy Ard, a third-string center, attacked Roche and Melchionni for shooting and dribbling too much. All of this may have been true. But Roche and Melchionni undoubtedly remembered how their same style had triggered Rick Barry the year before.

The next night, Roche said his back hurt and did not play. Melchionni played, but did not take a shot. The situation got worse instead of better.

"I stopped shooting and got into more trouble," Roche recalls. "I realized if you don't take a few shots, you're hurting the team. But you make more friends passing than shooting. It was a bad scene."

Roche never recovered from that team meeting. His year was already gloomy because his father had suffered a stroke and now, with his teammates down on him, the kid with the Ringo haircut played as if dazed.

It was a situation that Looie Carnesecca might have cured—but Looie was having his own identity problems. After hustling for 20 years to get from scrub college player to high-school coach to college coach (officiating and giving clinics in his spare time, to feed his family), Looie was now a professional coach. And not enjoying it much.

Back in high school and college coaching, Looie had been like a parish priest, consoling his kids or giving them a kick in the pants. Even at St. John's, which is not exactly the Catholic Youth Organization Tyro League—Looie had always had a smile and a kind word for the players' mothers.

But the pros were something else. Looie could accept intellectually, but not necessarily emotionally, the fact that his players did not always go straight to sleep after a game. This moral reaction seemed to complicate Looie's task in getting these so-called professionals to play together.

The Nets won 30 and lost 54 last season, finishing 27 games out of first place. They averaged only 6828 fans for each home game. They were eliminated from the playoffs quickly and painlessly. Then Looie Carnesecca went back to St. John's, and Roy Boe went back to his checkbook.

The Nets had noticed that their attendance jumped around 1700 admissions every time the Virginia Squires came to town. They also noticed that not all the extra admissions were Julius Erving's people from Roosevelt. White families bearing green dollars emerged from the subdivisions and parkways of suburbia whenever Doctor J. came home.

So Boe began negotiating with Earl Foreman, owner of the Virginia Squires, who was running out of money. Erving had become the league's superstar, averaging 27 points his first year, 32 his second year, thrilling fans with his acrobatic drives. He had already tried jumping to the Atlanta Hawks, but could not break his contract with Virginia. Still, the Squires could not keep Julius Erving happy and they knew it.

In August, Boe and his lawyers concluded the deal. They paid $1.5 million (and George Carter) to the Squires and the Hawks to acquire all legal options on Erving's services. And they signed Erving for at least $2.5 million spread over eight years.

"It's worth every penny," Roy Boe said. "This puts us on a more equal footing with the other team in New York—the Knicks."

In the next week, Boe said, fans bought 600 season tickets, worth $315 each, to catch a whole winter of Julius Erving's act.

But Doctor J. was only part of the investment. Boe also hired DeBusschere as general manager for a ten-year contract, worth $75,000 a year, starting with the upcoming 1974-75 season. The 33-year-old Knick star has no front-office experience but Boe was impressed with DeBusschere's youthful experiences as player-coach in Detroit. Then Boe hired 33-year-old Loughery, who had coached 31 games for the Philadelphia 76ers late last season. Boe gave Loughery one year in a contract for each 76er victory he had coached—five.

"One of the things that impressed us was, we heard about Kevin's great rapport with younger players," Boe said. "We expect to have seven players under 24 next year."

To get those young players, Boe paid and paid. He saw that the Memphis Tams could not sign Larry (Doctor K.) Kenon from Memphis State, so he helped himself to the young leaper, losing two second-string players for his venture. And he signed Billy Schaeffer out of St. John's University to a four-year no-cut contract worth around $300,000. The Nets probably led the league in no-cut contracts.

Now the trick was to build a team around Julius Erving, whose skills often lent themselves to free-lancing drives, clearing out a whole side of the court. This presented problems to Melchionni, Roche and Brian Taylor, the guards.

"With Rick, you learned to feed him," Melchionni admitted. "He depended on others for his points. Doc's got great moves. You tend to clear out one side—but that's not good. We've got to work on it. Kenon's got great natural ability, too. Our main problem will be getting to know each other."

Melchionni's words were prophetic. After an early spurt of four victories in five games, the Nets had a great letdown. Melchionni lost his jump shot and was benched. Roche scored 41 points one night, dribbling and shooting from everywhere, and a few nights later he played 36 minutes and did not score a point. Paultz, who had been out-playing pro centers in summer leagues, was being out-rebounded in the fall.

Kenon was assigned to guard the opposition's best forward, to take the burden off Erving, and he got murdered almost nightly. It would have been better for Kenon to break in as a third forward. But Trooper Washington, the unselfish forward who had often glued the club together, was still holding out in mid-December. If Boe was spending all that money on kids, Trooper wanted some for himself.

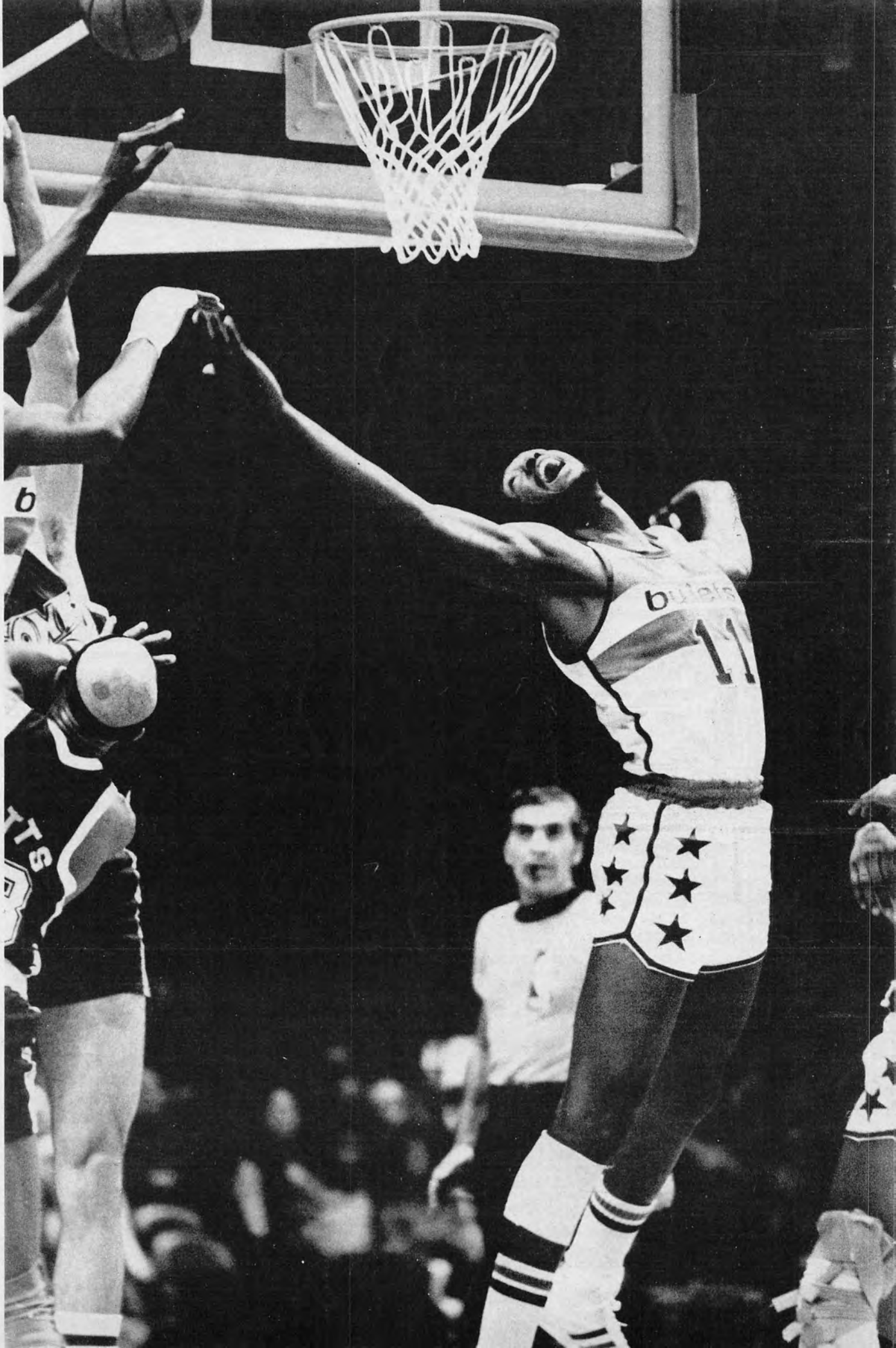
And worst of all, Julius Erving, bothered by his knees, was not dominating anybody. The opponents were dropping off on him—"It's a zone defense, but they won't call it," Boe complained—and limiting his moves. Erving was getting his 25-30 points a game, but not at the right times.

Then, as suddenly as the Nets had slipped into their slump, they came out of it. After nine straight defeats, they won 14 of their next 16. They were a cinch to join Kentucky and Carolina, the front-runners of their division, in the playoffs. (One of the most difficult feats in sport, as a matter of fact, is being an ABA team and not making the playoffs; it is a dishonor which befalls only two teams a year.)

And if he wanted to, Roy Boe could look back at the example of Namath, Werblin and the Jets. The Jets did not sell out Shea Stadium regularly until the year after Namath arrived. They did not have a winning season until two years after Namath arrived. And they did not win a championship until three years after Namath arrived.

Five years after Namath arrived, the Jets landed in financial paradise: They joined the National Football League.

Roy Boe is entitled to dream. ■



ELVIN HAYES PLAYS FOR D.C., K.C. & J.C.*

BY CHARLEY ROSEN

The Capital Bullets spent the first ten days of the 1973-74 NBA season losing to Atlanta, Seattle, Portland and Chicago. "We were terrible," their new coach, K.C. Jones, said later. "Our defense was full of holes and our offense had about as much kick as a glass of water." But, on the 11th day, the water turned to wine; led by their six-foot-nine-and-a-half, 235-pound forward, Elvin Hayes, who had 15 points, 23 rebounds and six blocked shots, the Bullets beat the Boston Celtics.

After the game, reporters clustered around Hayes trying to find out what had caused the miracle. Was it the defense—which had limited Boston to 89 points? Was it a more balanced offense—which had five Bullets in double figures? Was it the enthusiastic fans at the first game in the club's temporary new home in the Washington suburbs?

"No, no, no," Elvin told them. "There was only one reason why we won—Jesus Christ."

At least one of Hayes' teammates, however, was a non-believer. "Where the hell was He last week when we were getting our asses kicked?" he asked. But Hayes would not be moved to malice or wrath—he had met his Maker and found his peace.

Elvin Hayes' six-year NBA career was not always so serene. Even though he led the league in scoring in his rookie year and in rebounding the following season, the Big E was on the verge of quitting pro ball at least once and was a beat away from a nervous breakdown several times.

When Elvin came out of the University of Houston as the San Diego Rockets' (and the NBA's) No. 1 draft choice in 1968, he was touted as the Second Coming—Bill Russell with a jump shot. But the bloom wore off the sage rather quickly, and midway through his rookie season sportswiters began blaming Elvin for the team's losing ways.

By the time the Rockets traded Elvin to the then-Baltimore Bullets in 1972, he was a sorry pilgrim with a bad reputation and a bag of troubles. He was said to be vile-mouthed, uncooperative, selfish and just plain ornery. His first two coaches in pro ball—Jack McMahon and Alex Hannum—both claimed Elvin Hayes had fired them.

"Now that I have surrendered myself to the Lord, I can talk about those things without feeling sorry for myself," Hayes says. "They tried to destroy me and my career, but they failed because Jesus was guiding me. Any other player would have cracked. It was a test that He had put to me to see if I was worthy."

Elvin's eyes are surprisingly meek for such a large, ferocious-looking man. But when he speaks of his enemies, of the men who tried to destroy him, his calm eyes flash.

"Let me tell you how it was," he insists. "One night during my rookie year, McMahon tells me to go out and block Wilt's dunk shot. Man, I'd be plain crazy to try that! When Wilt throws one down on you, all you're thinking about is how to get your head out from under so you don't get brained. I told Jack if he wanted it done, he'd just have to put on a uniform and go get his own self killed. Then he started in screaming, 'Elvin, you're no good! You never were a team player! You never listen to me!'. . . and like that."

Unfortunately for Hayes, some local reporters heard the last half of the dialogue and they gave him some lumps in the next day's papers. But this was only the beginning of his troubles.

"Right after that," Elvin continued, "Don Kojis was fooling

*not necessarily in that order



HAYES

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around in practice and he stomped his toe. This was a crucial time when we were scratching for a playoff spot. If the owner found out that Kojis messed himself while he was fooling around, it would be an automatic fine. So Jack told the team, 'Let's not tell anybody. Let's say he got hurt in a game.' But the next week Jack fined *me* $100 because the trainer forgot to bring my practice stuff to a workout.

"Jack was always putting the rap on me; he would be buzzing in a corner with the writers and they'd all just come looking to do me in. Them coaches and writers are front runners. They hang onto your coattails when you're winning and just ride as smooth as can be. But when you start to lose, they'll step on every part of you. They're just irresponsible and spiteful people. They don't know what agony they cause an athlete to go through."

Elvin was so distressed that his stomach had the same contents as his medicine cabinet: Tranquilizers, digestion aids, and pills to regulate his hours of sleep and his bowels. "I would be calling the doctor at two in the morning like I was going to die or something. I was yelling at my wife and kids all day. All this pressure was just *on* me—and then they expected me to go out there and perform 100 percent. Man, all I wanted to do was to get away. The club's owner, Sam Brightbart, talked me out of quitting a couple of times."

Elvin was hurt where he lived—in his pride. Even though he averaged 28.4, 27.5 and 28.7 points a game with San Diego in his first three years, Elvin knew he was an incomplete ballplayer. The only way he knew to satisfy his critics was to score more points . . . and more points. In one game against the Knicks, Hayes handled the ball 24 times; the result was one turnover, 23 shots and zero passes.

When McMahon was fired in 1969, the departing coach did a "Now Hayes won't have me to kick around anymore" routine.

When Elvin talks about McMahon's dismissal, his voice rises an octave or two and his face twists into a question mark. "Why did Jack say I fired him?" he asks. "Did I fire him at Cincinnati? At Chicago? At Pittsburgh in the ABA? The man was losing wherever he went."

Alex Hannum was named as the new coach, and Hayes looked forward to a change for the better—until they met. "He was one of the lowest, most conceited people I've ever seen," Elvin says. "He tried to control me like he was the Lord Almighty Himself. But I know those people now—McMahon, Hannum, those sportswriters, officials who make bad calls against us—they are the enemies of the Lord."

Hannum made the Rockets a better team, but they were still losers when he resigned in 1971 to become president, general manager and coach of the ABA Denver Rockets. Even though Hannum left San Diego on his own volition, he too suggested that Hayes had fired him.

The Rockets moved to Houston that September, and Tex Winter became the new man on the bridge. Elvin and Winter got along on a personal level, but couldn't relate as player and coach. "Tex just didn't know what he wanted me to do," complains Elvin. "He told me to stop shooting completely. I was supposed to become a passer; I could have done more for the team selling peanuts. But as soon as we started losing, he told me to go back to my normal game—and everything started up again."

After another pressure-cooker season, the Rockets and the Bullets each tried to solve a problem by exchanging the two angriest men in pro basketball—Hayes and forward Jack Marin. There's a rumor Elvin and Marin snarled at each other when their flight patterns crossed 20,000 feet over Davenport, Iowa.

Hayes' snarl turned to a quiver,

however, when Baltimore coach Gene Shue informed him that he was now a forward. Six-foot-seven, 250-pound Wes Unseld was to remain the center in Shue's scheme. But Elvin had never played facing the basket before, and the thought of having to venture into long-jump-shot land to guard guys like DeBusschere, McMillian and Havlicek terrified him. As a result, he was forced to work harder than he ever had before. He had to learn to do new things like blocking out on the defensive boards, using teammates' picks and playing defense.

Gene Shue's attentions are now being directed at making the Philadelphia 76ers a competitive ballclub—their main competition being a battle with Cleveland for the right to draft Bill Walton. Shue claims that Elvin's transformation from point machine to complete ballplayer was all Unseld's doing. "He took all the rebounding pressure off of Elvin. With Wes in there, Elvin could wander away from the basket and do other things. When he did go to the boards, he didn't have to fight two or three opponents. And Elvin's attitude was just

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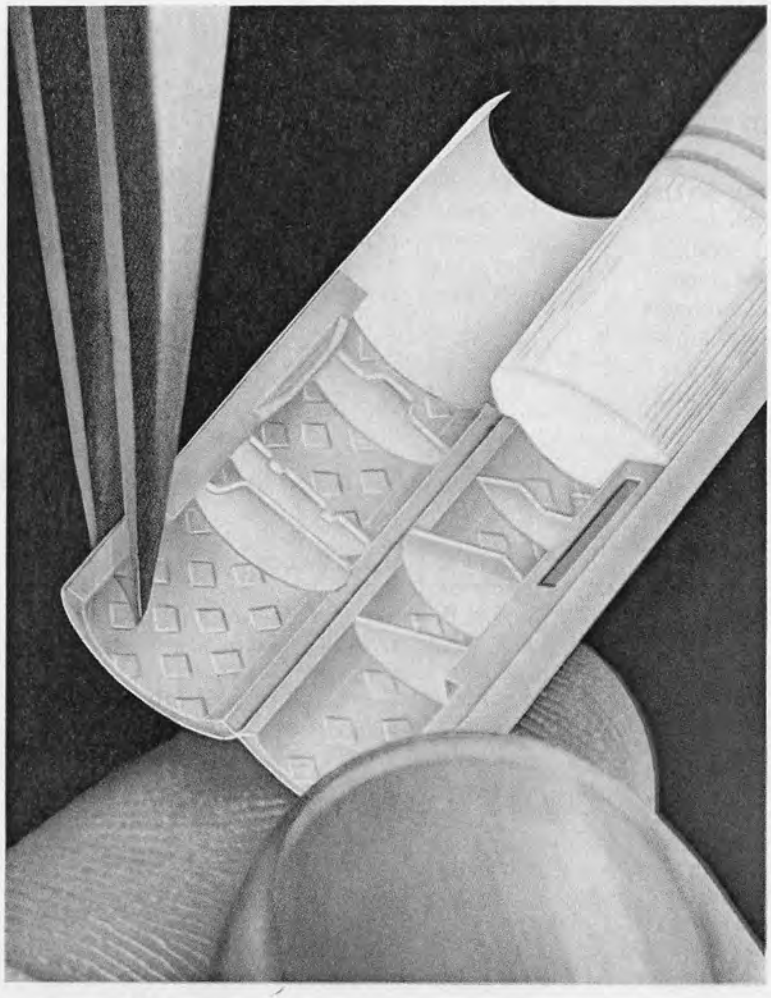
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HAYES

CONTINUED

great. He was an angel. I don't understand how he got that bad reputation."

Neither did the Baltimore sportswriters. "They were really great guys," Hayes was saying recently. "They really know the game so they didn't have to be digging into personal things and asking stupid questions all the time. All those other guys in San Diego and Houston tried to make me a perfect model for all the little kids to want to be like. When they saw that I had clay feet, they got mad at me. They didn't realize that I'm only a human, and using a human as a model ain't nothing. The Lord said we should be like Jesus."

With Hayes and Unseld picking the backboards clean, the Bullets finished first in their division. Hayes made the Eastern All-Star team. New York Knick Jerry Lucas, who is a gifted magician, says there is one more trick he would like to add to his repertoire—making Elvin Hayes disappear. "It's a nightmare playing against him," Jerry says. "He always had the most raw physical talent in our league, and now that he's playing a unit-type game, he's impossible to handle. Elvin is a great shooter and he's incredibly quick for a big man. He gets up so high and he falls back away from you so much that you can never get to his shot. Elvin forces you to anticipate his moves, and when you guess wrong, he can undress you out there."

While Gene Shue and Wes Unseld turned Elvin's game around last season, Someone Else turned his head upside-down in the summer of '73. "One day I was cutting the lawn," Elvin says, "and I got a strong feeling that I should go to church. Now, I used to go every Sunday with my wife Erna Beth before we were married. But that was just to be cool, to try and get in with her. I used to laugh at all that jumping and shouting. But the following Sunday, we took the kids and went to the church in Houston that Erna's family goes to."

After the services, the elder of the church beckoned to Elvin. He told Elvin that the Lord had shown him Elvin's past; he told Elvin that it was the Lord who had sent him from San Diego to Houston, and then on to Baltimore and Washington. Hayes was astounded: "There was only one way that pastor could have known all that."

The elder told Elvin that Jesus had called him and was going to use him. "The pastor wouldn't tell me how I was to be of service," Hayes said. "And so I began to seek the Lord, to study the Bible, to let Him guide my steps. All the pressures that were bothering me have been lifted away by Him and I am at peace. I realize now that Jesus has always had His hand on my life. My father was only five-five and I'm six-nine-and-a-half. And I never saw a pro basketball game while I was growing up in Louisiana, but I taught myself how to shoot. I didn't know if it was the right way or the wrong way. The Lord just made sure I had what I needed."

Elvin's eyes shine as he speaks. The joy and spiritual equilibrium that he has found are real. And his fierce compassion and faith compel a listener to surrender his natural cynicism and to rivet his eyes to Elvin's.

"Playing basketball," Elvin says, "is the way the Lord is using me now. If He didn't want me in professional ball, He would have called me away from it. And the day He does this, I'll go with joy in my heart. Jesus, remember, called 12 disciples away from their jobs to go with Him, but He had 185 more that he told to stay at their work. I can serve as an example for those sinners who can relate to basketball players. And that goes for my teammates, too."

His teammates were very suspicious of his miraculous change at the beginning of the season. They would scrutinize his every move; they would listen carefully for a familiar cascade of profanity to issue from Elvin's mouth. But Elvin's tongue was sweet.

"The ballplayers didn't think I could change so drastically in such a short time," Elvin said.

All of the Bullets now accept the fact that the new Elvin Hayes is genuine. They won't speak of certain subjects, for example, where he can hear them. But living with a saint does present problems for some people.

"Elvin is a great guy," says a teammate, "and the first time you hear his Jesus rap, it's interesting, but it wears thin after awhile. We all respect Elvin's faith. I mean, he really is happy and all mellowed out. He's a better person now, but I don't want to be hearing about it for the rest of the season. Sometimes he's also really weird—he sits in the locker room before a game all tranced out with his Bible."

An early game with the Atlanta Hawks illustrates exactly how marked a difference there is in Hayes' basketball personality. In going up for a rebound, Elvin accidentally brushed Lou Hudson with his elbow. After E made the outlet pass, Hudson punched him in the ribs and stood back waiting. But Elvin merely smiled and followed the play down the court. "The Lord will fight my battles," Elvin told Hudson during the next time-out.

The league's officials are also puzzled by the rebirth of Elvin Hayes. During that same game, Walt Bellamy gobbled up a rebound but came down with his foot on the baseline. The official made the call and awarded the ball to the Bullets. "Nice call," said Elvin. "That's a technical," said the official. "Why'd you do that?" asked a confused Hayes. "Jesus knows that I did nothing wrong." "That's another technical," spake the official. "You're out of the game."

Elvin Hayes did not get angry. He smiled, bemused. All it meant was just one more battle for the Lord to handle. ■

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Will The Real Arthur Ashe Please Stand Up... EVER?

BY TONY KORNHEISER



We took a black boy from Virginia and put a tennis racket into his hands. We sent him to prep school and then to college. He was very carefully taught. He said, "Yes, sir." And, "No, sir." And, "Thank you very much, sir." We held the carrot out to him. The world championship would be his, if he spoke softly, and swung a huge backhand. We watched his progress. We charted his course. We rewarded him with a commission in the Army. And finally, we gave him our blessing.

In 1968, when he was 25 years old, Arthur Ashe won the first U.S. Open championship ever played. The whole world was watching as a black man won at a white man's game.

Since 1968, Ashe has won nothing of major importance.

Something happened. Surely, something happened.

He sat in a leather chair in the players' lounge at Forest Hills, the New York *Times* rolled up in his hand, looking like any junior executive except that he wore a string of beads tied ever so tightly at his neck. A small circle of friends sat by his side.

"They thought I'd be better than I was capable of," Ashe said. "I've had a monkey on my back. I know the public expects me to be a winner. They expect the real Arthur Ashe to surface. They don't understand why he hasn't. Look, I'll probably never know what the hell the real Arthur Ashe is. I never brought out the real me. There are things I feel inhibited doing. I thought one way, and acted another. I wound up doing what was practical. But I'm not apologizing for my lack of guts.

"The way I live my life, I'll probably never become No. 1. At one time there was a need for me to do it. I wasn't afraid of failing. The last three years I gave it my best shot, but the scheduling of tennis worked against me, and anyone else, from becoming No. 1. There are too many tournaments. . . . So maybe I'll never be as good as Rod Laver, but I ain't too far off.

"You know, there are a couple of ways of looking at it. Me and Laver have more endorsements than any of the others combined. Financially, I've made the most of my productive years to the point that my career is a fantastic success."

Since 1971, Ashe has earned better than $100,000 a year playing tennis. He has a multi-year contract with Head tennis racquets which Donald Dell, Ashe's friend and lawyer, said made him a millionaire with a stroke of a pen. He has had contracts with Coca-Cola, U.S. Banknote and Phillip Morris among other companies. He is a walking portfolio, slicing a hunk of the American Dream Pie.

"I want to tell you a story," he said. "Something that Bill Cosby once told me. He said we have to contain our wealth. We're not allowed to enjoy it, the result of what we have, because fellow blacks come down on us. . . . None of them are going to do that to me. I worked for it. I earned it. No one is going to tell me how to spend it."

People say that Ashe took the money and ran.

Clark Graebner has known Ashe for a long time, though the two aren't close. They played in a semifinal match at the 1968 Open that later became the subject of John McPhee's definitive book, *Levels of the Game*. Graebner, now a successful stockbroker and part-time tennis player, has his own views on Ashe not becoming No. 1.

"The only assumption you can make is that if you haven't made it, you aren't capable of it," Graebner says. "External pressures, business and racial and political commitments, might have kept him from it. But Arthur could have had it any way he wanted it. He did speak out a little, but he took the money. Ultimately he may do more for blacks that way.

"I'm sure Arthur has wasted talent. I'm sure a lot of players have wasted talent. I've wasted talent. If Arthur were white, he

Arthur Ashe

CONTINUED

would be just another tennis player —a fine one, but he wouldn't have so many people making such a fuss over him."

The criticism comes in all shapes and colors. Robert Screen, the tennis coach at Hampton Institute who has known Ashe for more than 20 years, thinks Ashe lacks the killer instinct that all champions need. "He can't be a killer," Screen says. "Arthur has fought so long for acceptance that it's impossible for him to look at his opponent as his enemy. He's so talented that when you look at him, you just know he ought to be No. 1. But blacks see him lose to people they know he should be beating and they don't understand why it happens. Blacks don't follow you unless you're top dog."

Richard Russell, a Jamaican who was considered the world's second-best black player for many years, thinks that too much talent is the biggest problem facing Ashe. "It's a contradiction, but Ashe has too much talent and flair to be No. 1," Russell says. "Arthur never had to work like Rod Laver and Ken Rosewall. Arthur was so good, he wasn't hungry. Arthur hates to practice, but work made Laver and Rosewall what they are."

Rosie Casals says Ashe would have been better if he weren't the only black player of world consequence—the lump of coal in the snowbank, as Ashe once described it. "As it was, he wasn't hungry enough," Casals says. "Everything was handed to him. He isn't really black. He's really mostly white. He lives white and he gets paid by whites."





If you had a choice of colors, which one would you choose?

That's what it really comes down to. How black is Arthur Ashe? Don't ask why it matters. It just does. Blacks are tugging at Ashe to be more than tan. Whites are tugging at him to stay a nice predictable gray flannel. And Ashe—a black man who has lived most of his life in a white world—is caught in the middle. Nowhere to run, baby. He is a black tennis player. He runs as an entry.

"Hey, look at me," Ashe said. "I'm black. You think I don't know what I am? . . . I get requests from the black community all the time. I've done too many things for nothing. I've done tons of clinics in Harlem. But who knows about tennis in Harlem? You're not going to get me to say I'm more comfortable in a white world than in a black one. But I've spent most of my life in a white world. It's over ten years since I got on the national rankings, and there still hasn't been another black player. People tell me it's my fault, that I should have made another player. It takes years to make it, years. Tennis players have to be brought along slowly.

"Tennis has a very low utility in the public schools where black kids go. If you're captain of the basketball team, you can have every girl in the school. Our gene pool has things that make us jump further, run faster proportionately. As a race, we excel in those sports accessible in the public school system because those sports are free. In tennis, you gotta take lessons.

"You're asking me if I'm playing it safe by not speaking out on racial issues. Let me tell you this. Anyone can speak out on racial issues in America. That's nothing new. I spoke out on South Africa when nobody else was doing it. Why is everybody after me to speak out on everything? Nobody asks Walt Frazier to speak out on anything. Dammit, Walt has earned his right not to be there, and so have I.

"A few years ago, Rev. Jesse Jackson told me, 'Arthur, you're not arrogant enough.' I told him, 'I'm *not* arrogant.' "

When Ashe was ten years old, a local college student in Virginia introduced him to the late physician, Dr. R. Walter Johnson, who ran a tennis camp designed to train promising young black tennis players for big-time tennis. Johnson believed blacks would be able to infiltrate the tennis world if they played good tennis and displayed the subservient attitude he felt was expected by whites.

Ashe spent summers with Dr. Johnson, learning tennis and the attendant things—like etiquette, grace, bowing and scraping. Ashe was carefully taught to submerge

his own personality in favor of the one Dr. Johnson thought was necessary, much like the plan Branch Rickey had for Jackie Robinson. Ashe was picked to be the pioneer in tennis as much for his manner as his ability. The result is a world-class tennis player, and somewhat of an automaton. Computer-chic.

"Dr. Johnson told us no matter what happened, no matter what went against us, we should always show no emotion around whites," Ashe said. "I guess that's why I seem so emotionless on the court. You'll never know how I really feel inside. You'll just see nothing, or you'll see me politely smiling. Then He bore his anger internally, and reminded those around him he was taught never to question an umpire's call, never to ask for special favors. Partially because of his lack of emotion, his low profile and his ability to lose gracefully, Ashe has become the white man's black man —the crowd favorite, the highly visible, highly rich token.

But being the white man's black man has caused problems in the other America. Arthur Ashe is also the black man's white man. In the ghetto they call that Uncle Tom.

"Nobody has ever called me that to my face," Ashe said. "If they did, I'd be glad to talk to them



again, the training was so thorough, I may never know what's really going on inside me either."

Ashe is paying the dues now for his malleability. In 1971, he lost at the U.S. Open because he wouldn't ask the referee to stop play even though a slight rain was splattering on the glasses he wore at the time. In 1972, he lost at the Open again, partially because he wouldn't ask the referee to make his final opponent, Ilie Nastase, stop clowning on the court. Both times Ashe made no excuses to the press or public. face-to-face about it. I'm not a Muhammad Ali. He's not my kind of leader. I'm not a Stokely Carmichael or a Rap Brown. You need people like that, but you don't need two million of them. People who come down on a black personage for acting or saying or doing things that are too safe may be doing it because they think he should be on a soapbox, screaming. On the same hand, these same people criticize companies for not hiring the black man. What the hell do they want? Look, I'm doing things so other people can come after me. I'm opening doors, not closing them."

According to Ashe, in the end it's not how much noise you can make, but how effective you can be. He's picking his spots to put himself out front, and he can stand the traded visibility for effectiveness. He has gambled. And now there is no telling if he's winning or losing.

Robert Screen doesn't blame Ashe for not being more vocal, although he realizes others do hold Ashe accountable. "You can't imagine what a shattering experience it is for a black in tennis," Screen says. "Arthur has lived in a white world for so long, and there are things he just doesn't know about being black. It's so much easier for black basketball players to be vocal —there are zillions of them. I don't know that everything is his responsibility."

Richard Russell, for one, is a great admirer of Ashe. "I admire him tremendously, almost more for his manner than for his tennis," Russell says. "It's a guiding light for black people. They are looking





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Arthur Ashe

CONTINUED

for leaders, and it's nice that someone like Arthur can come through in such a manner that he can be pleasing to all types of ethnic groups and still have such power within his own race."

But Arthur Carrington—a black player who left Dr. Johnson because he felt he could not submerge his own personality to the breaking point that Johnson demanded—is not so enamored of Ashe, the leader. "I admire the hell out of him as a player," Carrington says. "But he's a tennis player, not a leader. I'm more of an Ali fan. Ashe isn't vocal enough for me. He's not trying to identify with blacks. He doesn't show me any courage. There are many clubs I won't play at because of discriminatory policies and I think Arthur shouldn't play there either. He has to publicize these things because he's the only one who the public is listening to. I mean, I understand him. I was there. I understand what it was that he went through, and I believe the man is making his contribution in the ways he can make it. But he's got to stand up taller."

A few months ago Ashe was granted a visa to play in the South African Open (the account of which he went and sold to the highest bidders on two continents). Twice before he had been denied a visa, but this time South Africa—despite its apartheid laws which segregate non-whites from whites—asked Ashe to come and play. The deal was made on Ashe's terms. Otherwise it would not have been made at all.

"I had three conditions that South Africa agreed to," Ashe said.



Arthur Ashe is certainly a hero, but not to everyone. His sincerity, motives and methods have all been questioned.

"First, that I could come and go as I pleased and I could say whatever I wanted. Second, I would refuse to play in front of segregated audiences. Third, I would not accept—even for a short time—honorary white status. I didn't come as Arthur Ashe, black man. I came as Arthur Ashe, tennis player, period."

After years of waiting, Ashe had broken a barrier. In the end, it's not how much noise he made, but how effective he was. But even the victory had its price, and Ashe is sensitive—maybe too sensitive.

"Blacks, especially American blacks, will say, 'What the hell is Ashe doing?' But they're just taking potshots at me without knowing what South Africa is all about," Ashe said, before his trip (he lost in the finals). "I've studied the bloody country. I know more about South Africa—for someone who's never been there—than they'll ever know. They're just armchair quarterbacks promoting an all-or-nothing theory on race that doesn't work. They may use words like 'token' or 'tool' when they look at my situation, but when things like this develop, I have to do what I can to make it easier for those who come after me."

A little at a time. A foot in the door. A chance to be heard, not just in one screaming burst, but in steady drops like the waters of conscience. "You used to be a militant," Ashe said, touching me slightly as he spoke, making sure I knew he was calling the shots, letting me see him only as he wanted to be seen. "Now you got a wife and a job with IBM, two cars and your weekends free. You aren't gonna mess with that. That's why there won't be a revolution."

There is a substantial degree of guilt in Ashe as he seeks to do what he can for the black community. Because he has made so much money. Because he has been less black than his birthright demanded. He says he doesn't care if no one ever thanks him for what he does. He says he can go it alone.

To illustrate his self-confidence he told a story on himself. "I went to a basketball game last year," he said. "And I saw Julius Erving play for the first time. I was so wigged out by the things he did on the court, I just had to meet him. So after the game I walked up to him —and this is bold for me—and I said, 'Hi, Julius, I'm Arthur Ashe.' So he reaches down and he shakes my hand and he says, 'Hi. How you doing?' He didn't even know who the hell I was."

Ashe's face becomes a grin. His grin becomes a smile. And the people around him smile with him. But no one knows how much of Ashe is really smiling. And he smiled again because he wanted to keep it that way. ■

MOVE OVER JACK, ARNIE & GARY: HERE'S LANNY

BY DAN GLEASON

I was on my way to a golf tournament, and the captain of the jet plane said that every 60 minutes, Las Vegas was 600 miles closer. I was strapped in, with my Delta Airlines coffee and my Delta Airlines spoon, staring out the window at my Delta Airlines moon.

In 1934, long before the jet plane, Paul Runyan was golf's leading money-winner. He won $6767. Today, if you mention that kind of money to any golfer in the top ten, he thinks you want him to lend it to you.

Jet planes can fly you across country now faster than you can play 18 holes of golf. It's not so hard to believe the speed, but it's almost impossible to imagine the money you can make playing golf.

Another jet plane was heading to Vegas, carrying the defending champ in the Sahara Invitational, golf's leading money-winner of all time, at least for his age. It wasn't Palmer or Nicklaus or Player or Crampton or Weiskopf, and it sure wasn't Hogan or Snead. It was Lanny Wadkins, who's earned more than $300,000 in his first two years on the tour.

He's 24 years old, and he can't remember when there weren't any jets.

Lanny Wadkins is one of the new Big Three of golf—the under-27 Big Three, the Big Three of Lanny, Johnny and Gentle Ben. Johnny Miller, who won the U.S. Open last year, and Ben Crenshaw, who won a tournament soon as he stepped out on the tour, can shoot it out between themselves as to which one is going to be the next Nicklaus. Lanny will settle for being the next Palmer.

Lanny's career is already linked with Arnie's, only partly by coincidence. Wadkins broke 80 for the first time when he was ten years old, in 1960, the year Arnie won his first U.S. Open and his second Masters. Wadkins shot 69-70 and won the National Pee Wee Championship when he was 13, in 1963, the year Arnie became the first golfer to win more than $100,000 in a year. By the time Lanny was old enough for college, he had scholarship offers from everywhere but Mars. He decided to go to Wake Forest on an Arnold Palmer scholarship. The scholarship helped him win the U.S. Amateur, make the Walker Cup team, get into the Masters as an amateur (and get paired with Palmer), but it didn't give him a bank account. So Wadkins, after marrying his high-school sweetheart, dropped out of college and turned pro. He made it just in time to play the last four events of 1971; he finished third in one of them and ended up winning $16,000 for the abbreviated year.



At the end of these four 1971 events, Lanny Wadkins told the press that in 1972, his first full year on the tour, he would finish among the top 60 money-winners, earn more than $100,000 and win a tournament. It was an outrageous statement. Rookies are supposed to check and see what score is going to make the cut, and leave the worrying about $100,000 to their elders and betters.

By the time the leaves had finished falling at the end of 1972, Lanny had finished tenth among the money-winners, had broken Bob Murphy's record for a rookie by earning $116,616 and had won a tournament—the Sahara Invitational in Las Vegas—by a single stroke. Over Arnold Palmer.

"A lot of people thought I played safe, for a par and a sure tie there on 18 last year," said Wadkins, during the week he defended his title in Las Vegas in 1973. "If I'd wanted to play safe, I'd have hit two two-irons and a wedge. But I didn't want to tie. I wanted to win. I knew Arnie would be trying to make birdie, so I tried, too. It came out that I didn't get the birdie, but Arnold didn't, either."

The rumors are that there is tension these days between Arnie and Lanny, which is understandable. Some golfers say Arnie, though he tries, has a hard time liking Lanny because Lanny is brash, cocky, au-

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HERE'S LANNY

CONTINUED

dacious and lets the old pros know he likes to beat them.

Which doesn't sound like a bad description of Arnie ten or 15 years ago.

The rumors are that not long ago Arnie and Lanny were playing practice rounds together, for side wagers, and that Lanny was taking Arnie regularly, and that after one successful round—successful for him—Lanny said to Arnie, "We're playing in the same tournament next week. Could you get there a day early?" The implication being Lanny could use the extra cash.

Arnie showed up at the tournament the next week—not a day early—and found a message waiting for him. It was a bill, from Lanny, charging Arnie the amount Lanny figured he'd have won betting if Arnie had shown up a day sooner.

The story may not be totally right, but it rings close to the truth. Lanny himself is very careful not to say controversial things about Arnie.

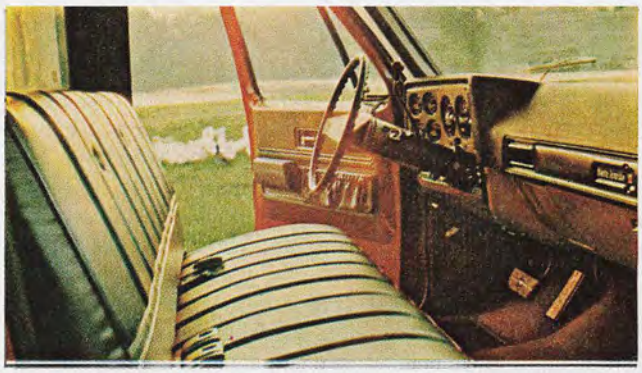
It must just be tact, not fear, because Lanny Wadkins isn't afraid of Palmer or Nicklaus or Weiskopf or Crampton or anybody else. "If he's afraid of anything, I don't know what it is," says Dave Marr, of PGA and ABC fame, a man who knows a lot about winning. "He might back off from a buzz saw, I don't know. But he's not afraid of any golf shot."

Leonard Thompson, who has won well over $100,000 for his first two years on tour, says, "If it's ten grand or a two-dollar nassau or a 50-cent bet, nobody, *nobody* wants to win as much as Lanny does. He's a winner."

Wadkins is a winner now, and he's also a product. He has investments, has a golf equipment company he's signed with, has a real-estate firm he promotes, has a clothing company he does testimonials for, has lawyers who do his taxes and managers who look for business opportunities for him, promote his name and shape his image. "I don't just do a testimonial for any old thing," he says. "I investigate the products and screen them and have the say-so over what I do."

The ironic thing, the paradox, is that Lanny Wadkins, like Palmer and Nicklaus before him, is not in this game for money—at least not first and above all. "Anybody who comes out here just to make money won't do it," says Marr. "Look at Arnold. Do you think he was in it for the money? Do you think men are able to win U.S. Opens because





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HERE'S LANNY

CONTINUED

they want money? It's a competitive drive they have to have. Something Arnold has and something Jack has and something Lanny definitely has. There's something in him that makes him want to compete and want to win.

Lanny Wadkins. Born in Richmond, Virginia, lives in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Graduate of Wake Forest U., Kappa Sigma fraternity and the New South, and pride of each and every one. He's sort of a golfing Elvis, with all the teeny-boppers following him around, screaming when he makes a putt, sighing when he gives out his autographs, crying when they find out he's already married. And all the time trying to be a normal 24-year-old with his stereo and his Neil Diamond albums and his fraternity friends over to watch the football games.

He plays to win and he goes for the eagle; he's got every shot and can move them all around; his putting's great and the crowds love him. He gets fired up and gives people their money's worth. The galleries have no trouble identifying with him. He's small, not even five-foot-nine, and if he's over 170 pounds, somebody's leaning on the scale. His hair is long, but not *too* long. Fathers point him out to their sons as the perfect model, man and golfer. He's the symbol of the American Dream come true.

Beyond any dream.

In 1973, in April, Lanny won the Byron Nelson Classic. Then, in August, he threw a birdie-eagle-birdie at Jim Wiechers, caught him, overtook him, won the USI Classic and slipped $40,000 into his bank account. He didn't win the Sahara again. He didn't even make the cut. His game was rusty that week. He was more concerned with his wife, Rachel, who was delivering their first baby, Jessica Dawn. Lanny missed the cut by a stroke, then went home to be with Rachel and, perhaps, to figure out what predictions he might make for himself for 1974.

It was going to be tough to show an improvement. In 1973, before his 24th birthday arrived in December, Lanny Wadkins was the fifth leading money-winner on the tour. His one-year earnings were a few nickels and dimes beyond $200,000. In two years on tour, he had earned more than Ben Hogan had earned during a lifetime on the pro tour. ■



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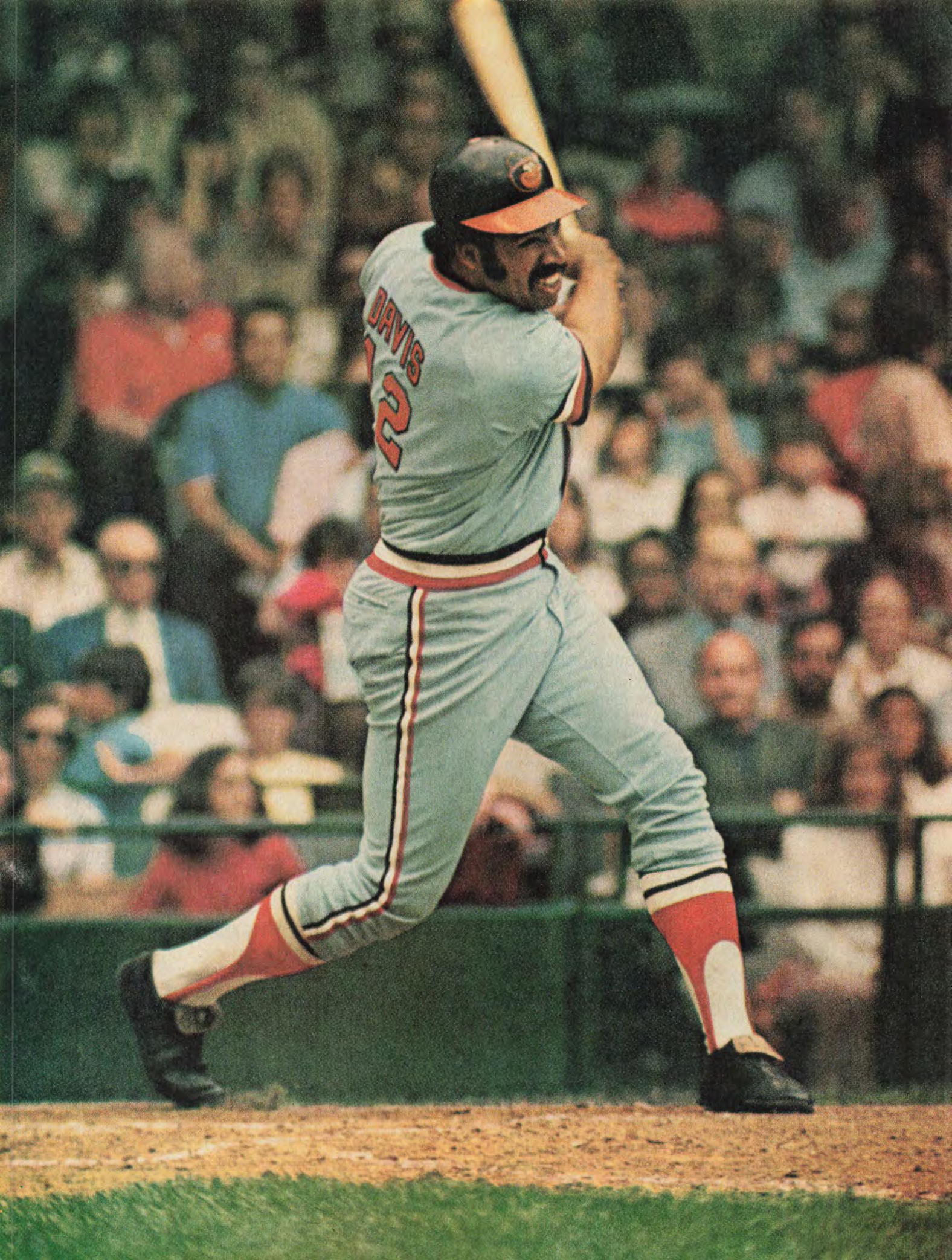
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Life On The Swing Shift

BY DON KOWET

Remember the old joke about Tom Edison? The one about him leaning over a light bulb? As the bulb starts to glow, Edison whispers, "Hello? Hello?"

The point of the joke, of course, was that Edison invented the electric light by mistake. He was really trying to invent the telephone.

All kidding aside, Joe Cronin pulled an Edison last year.

The president of the American League had plugged hard for the designated-hitter rule. He thought he was inventing some .300 hitters.

And what happened?

He invented a bunch of 20-game winners.

In 1973, the first year of the DH, 12 American League pitchers won 20 or more games—the greatest number of 20-game winners in the history of the league. In the National League, without designated hitters, only one pitcher won 20.

The explanation was simple. "With the designated hitter, you go with your starting pitchers longer," said Dick Williams, whose Oakland A's had one-twelfth of the league's designated hitters (Deron Johnson, usually) and one-fourth of the league's 20-game winners (Catfish Hunter, Ken Holtzman and Vida Blue).

But if the rise in 20-game winners was the most visible effect of the designated-hitter rule, it was really only a fringe benefit. The basic objective of the experiment—increased hitting—was also achieved. In 1973, the cumulative batting average of American League hitters jumped 20 percentage points—from .239 in 1972 to .259. For the first time in ten years, American League batters collectively outhit National Leaguers

More hits, logically, produced more runs, and in the average American League game of 1973, the two teams scored 8.6 runs (very few games, of course, hit the average *exactly*), up substantially from 7.7 and 6.9 the previous two seasons. Power increased, too; the designated hitters combined for 227 home runs, nearly five times the number hit in 1972 by American League pitchers and the men who pinch-hit for them.

Statistically, the great DH experiment was unquestionably a success. Batting averages, runs scored, home runs and the most vital statistic of all—attendance—all went up. Artistically, too, the innovation worked. The new breed was a glamorous breed, populated by former batting champions (including Tony Oliva and Alex Johnson) and former home run kings (including Frank Robinson and Frank Howard) with an occasional sprinkling of youth (including Charlie Spikes and Ron Blomberg). Many of them thrived. Robinson hit 30 home runs and drove in 97 runs for California at the age of 38; Oliva hit .291 for Minnesota after spending 1972 on the disabled list; Johnson batted .287 for Texas or 48 points higher than he had batted as a Cleveland outfielder in 1972; and Blomberg (the first DH ever to bat in the major leagues) hit .329 facing only righthanders. Of all the new breed, none did better than a broken-down speedster named Tommy Davis.

In the first game of the 1973 American League playoffs, in the bottom half of the first inning, Tommy Davis singled to right field, driving home two important runs for Baltimore.

In the top of the second inning, Davis, naturally, did not go out to the field. He didn't stay in the dugout, either. Tommy Davis went into the clubhouse and began to shave. "You have to find some way to relax," says Davis. "I always go inside. I may read a book, or a copy of *Playboy*. *Playboy* is sure to get my mind off the game."

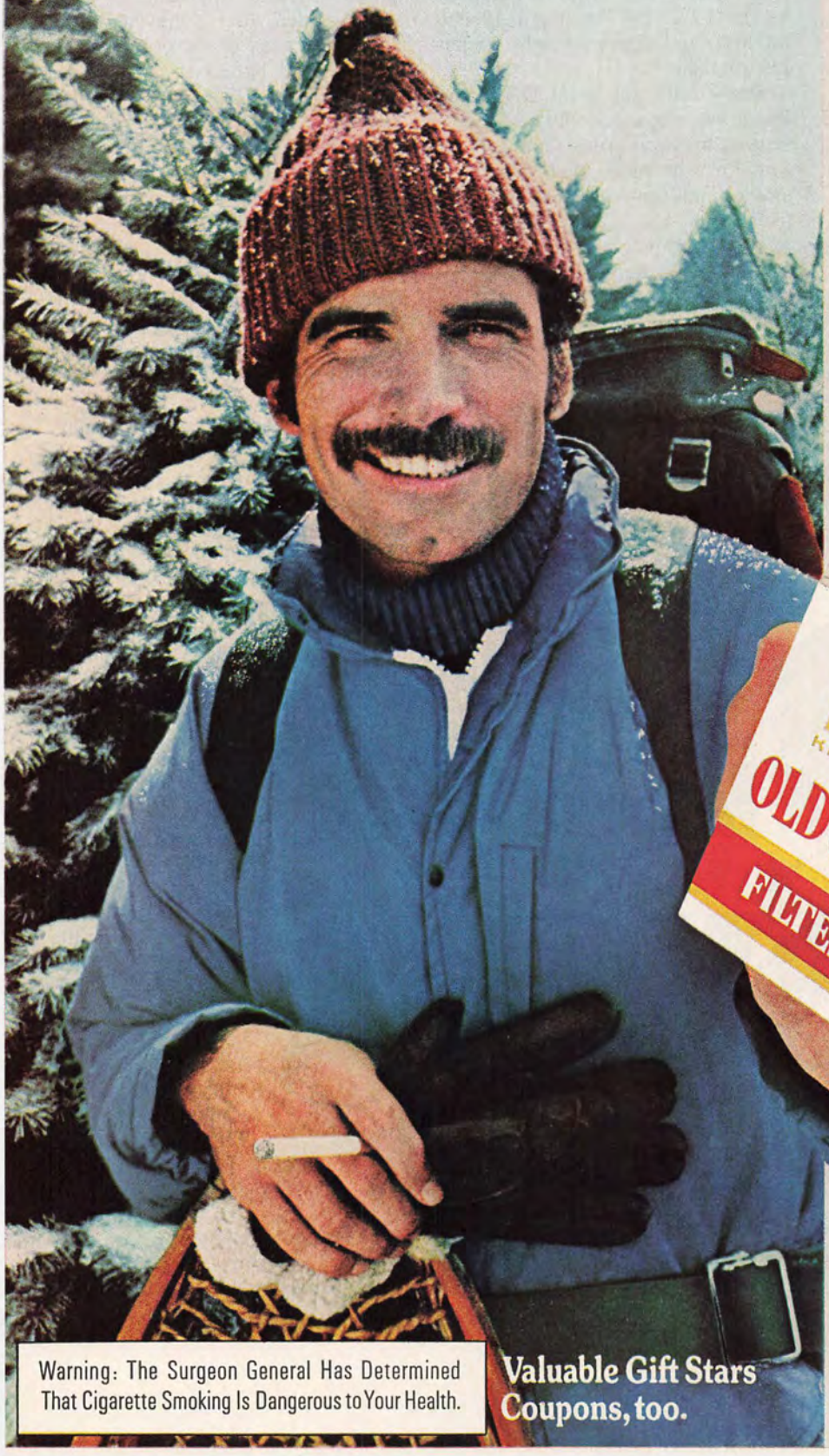
If the American League hadn't invented the DH rule, Tommy Davis might have spent all of 1973 staring at Playmates. His batting average had tumbled in 1972 to .259, 36 points below his lifetime average, lower than he had ever hit in the majors, unless you count the year he broke an ankle.

Tommy Davis came from Brooklyn, out of Boys High, where he was the star of a brilliant basketball team, far outshining a classmate named Lenny Wilkens. Davis spurned college

Before he turned DH, Tommy Davis twice won NL batting championships.

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basketball offers to play baseball. By 1959, three years after he finished high school, Davis was a Los Angeles Dodger. In 1962 and 1963, he led the National League in hitting. He was a remarkable clutch hitter, a gifted fielder and so swift he once stole 68 bases in a minor-league season.

But in 1965, Davis broke his ankle, and from then on, a variety of leg ailments cut his mobility and his playing time. He drifted to the Mets, then the White Sox, then Seattle, then Houston, then the Cubs, then Oakland, back to the Cubs, then to Baltimore—seven clubs in six years.

At the end of 1972, at the age of 33, Davis was dropped from the Baltimore roster. He was designated expendable. His legs seemed finished, and so did his career.

Then came the DH rule, and Davis made the most of the chance. He finished the season with a .306 batting average, the best among fulltime designated hitters and the third-highest among all American League hitters with more than 450 times at bat. Davis drove in 89 runs for Baltimore—his highest total since 1962, when he was a 23-year-old colt who drove in 153 runs and never dreamed that his legs would betray him before his bat.

Davis is convinced that the DH is good for baseball. "When you've been around as long as I have," he says, "you can't help thinking: What's good for Tommy Davis is good for baseball."

The designated-hitter rule rescued Tommy Davis from oblivion and propelled him into the American League playoffs. The designated-hitter rule did even more for Deron Johnson: It rescued him from Philadelphia and put him in the World Series.

"For six years, before I came to Oakland," Johnson says, "I was with losing clubs. I want to stay here until I quit baseball."

Johnson is 35 years old. His face looks like a well-worn baseball glove: Flexible, slightly faded, definitely durable. Squint lines run from his eyes like spiders' webs. He looks like he's been around. He has been around. Oakland is his seventh major-league club in 13 seasons. Nine years ago, when he was playing third base for Cincinnati, he led the National League in runs batted in with 130. Most designated hitters have a little fact like that tucked in their past.

In 1972, when he was playing first base for the Philadelphia Phillies, Johnson spent part of the season on the disabled list. Most designated hitters have little facts like that one, too, tucked in their background. He suffered a "mysterious nerve problem"—in Johnson, not medical, terms—and for awhile, it was almost impossile for him to walk, much less run. There was a chance the "problem" would never disappear, but it did, and by September, Johnson was back in the Philadelphia lineup, his power restored but his future uncertain.

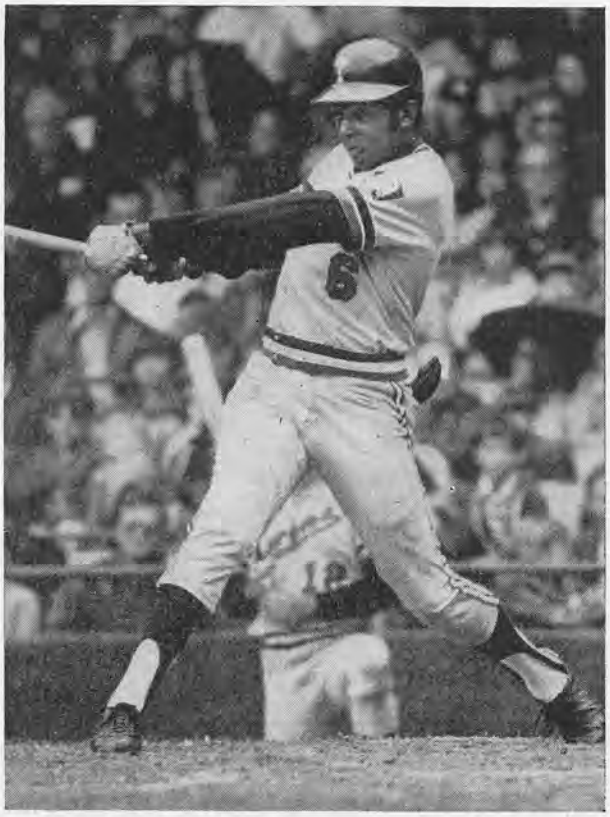
The rookie manager of the Phillies, Danny Ozark, brightened Johnson's future considerably when, in May, 1973, he traded Deron to the world champion Oakland A's. Johnson contributed 81 runs batted in and 19 home runs to Oakland's drive toward a second straight championship.

Like many designated hitters, Johnson feels somewhat guilty about his part-time life and feels compelled to point out a disadvantage or two. "When I was playing both ways," Johnson says, "and I went 0-for-4, I'd think to myself, 'Well, you aren't helping the pitcher with your bat, but maybe you can still help him with your glove.' As a DH, when you're not hitting, you're just not doing the job."

Johnson also warns that the designated hitter is always in danger of stiffening up during a game. "I seldom sit down," he says. "I keep moving around in the dugout."

To stay loose, Johnson spends most of his time prowling the bat rack.

Of all the men who were employed as designated hitters in 1973, only two never played even an



Before he became a DH, Tony Oliva led the American League in hitting—thrice.

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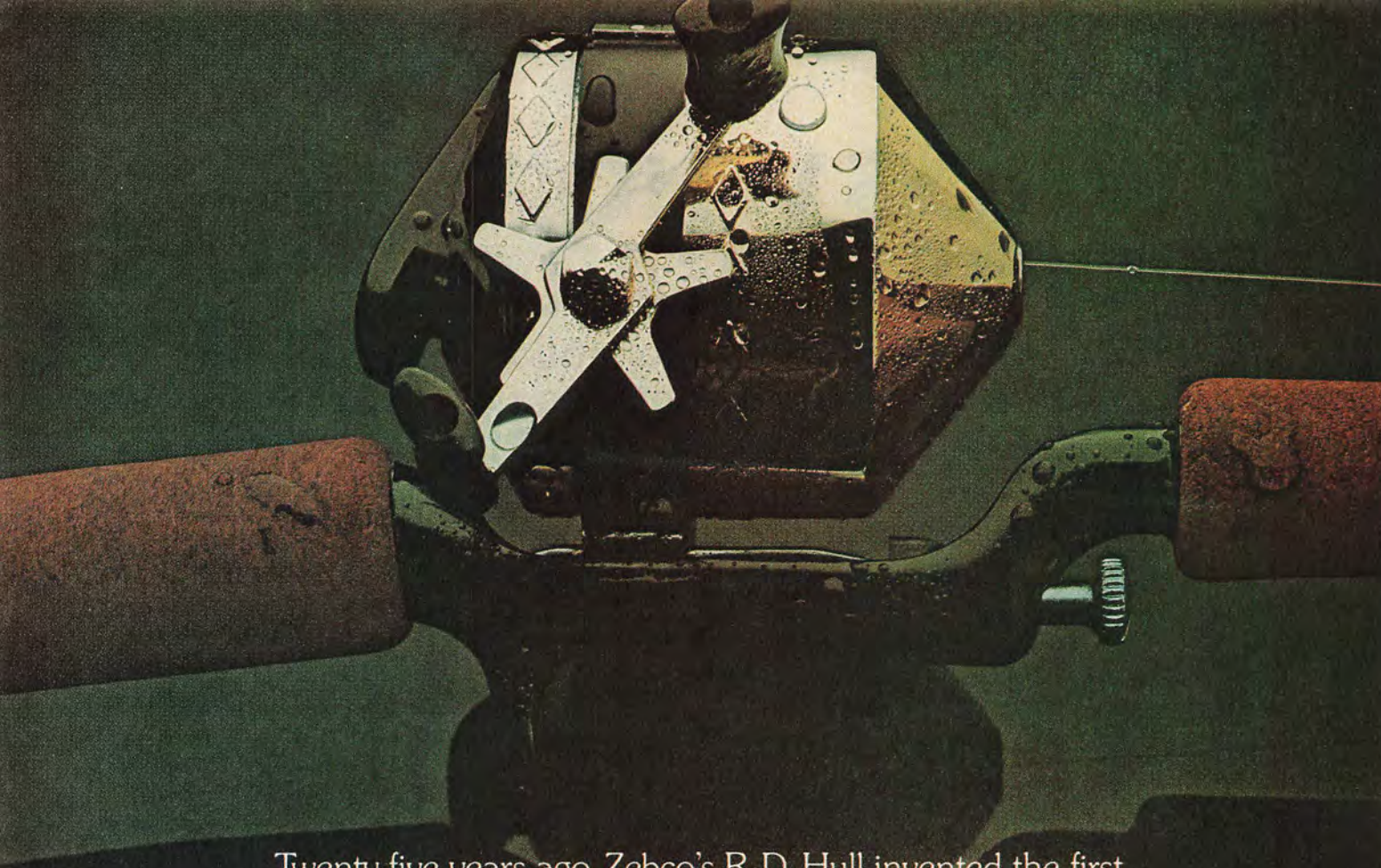
inning in the field. Tony Oliva of Minnesota and Orlando Cepeda of Boston couldn't run at all. And once Cepeda was the fastest man his size in baseball. From 1958 through 1964, for the Giants, Cepeda hit below .300 only once, averaged 32 home runs a year, 107 runs batted in and 17 stolen bases. He was the best first baseman in baseball and probably the happiest.

His nickname was "Cha-Cha," and it fit perfectly. He sang in the clubhouse and danced on the field. Always laughing, a half-moon smile splitting his face, Cepeda was the antithesis of that other super Puerto Rican, Roberto Clemente. Cepeda was the happy Latin, Clemente the frowning one. No one ever saw Orlando Cepeda frown until his knees began to go.

In 1965, after six straight years as an All-Star, Cepeda underwent his first knee operation. He spent three months on the disabled list, but came back to bat .325 in 1967 and, three years later, to hit 34 home runs and drive in 111 runs. The following year, 1971, he was on the disabled list, and again in 1972.

Then in 1973, with the DH rule and the short leftfield fence in Boston, the Red Sox were willing to gamble. Cepeda's first designated hit was a grand-slam home run. He wound up with 20 home runs and a .289 batting average.

Unlike most designated hitters, Cepeda has no complaints with his new status. He knows his knees are too worn and fragile for any first-base maneuvers. His blazing speed is now a fox trot, but he is still dancing. "From the time I get up



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in the morning to when I go to the park," Cepeda says, "I am listening to and taping music. I borrow records and make tapes. I have a tape deck in my car. I have a tape deck in the clubhouse. I like all kinds of music—jazz, Latin, Chicago. Anything that makes me happy."

Cepeda is happy. It is almost as good as when he could run.

The American League is counting on its designated hitters in 1974; the National League is not. The older league will still wait to see how its discards—Frank Robinson, Alex Johnson, Tommy Davis, Orlando Cepeda and Deron Johnson (all established themselves in the National League)—are treated by the fans and by the press.

The DH experiment achieved the height of irony in the 1973 World Series. Under an agreement reached before the season, the American League could not use designated hitters in the All-Star Game or in the World Series. Most baseball experts predicted that this would give the National League a distinct edge in the World Series because the NL pitchers would having had batting experience all year, while the AL pitchers would be batting virgins. It was suspected that the difference in hitting between AL and NL pitchers could make the difference in the Series.

It did, in a way. Only one pitcher in the World Series came up with a pair of key hits, a pair of doubles that helped his team to a pair of important victories.

The pitcher was Ken Holtzman, of the Oakland A's, and the hits were his first of the year. ■

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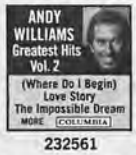
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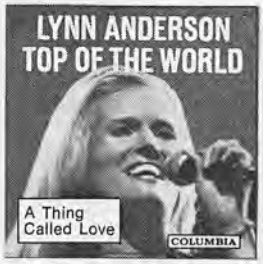
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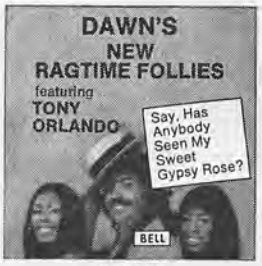
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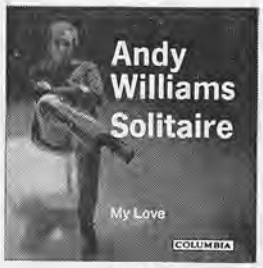
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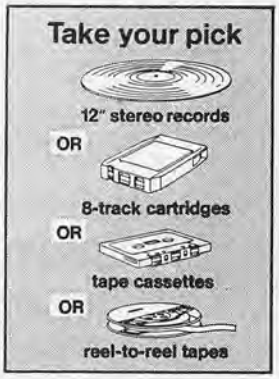
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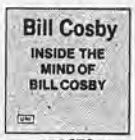
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You may accept or reject selections as follows: every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest ...plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music. In addition, about six times a year we will offer some special selections (usually at a discount off regular Club prices). A response card will be enclosed with each magazine.

...**if you do not want any selection offered** mail the response card by the date specified

...**if you want only the Selection of the Month** for your musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically

...**if you want any of the other selections offered** just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified

You will always have at least 10 days in which to make a decision. If for any reason you do not have 10 days in which to decide, you may return the regular selection at our expense and you will receive full credit for it.

You'll be eligible for our bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement—a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases.

Columbia House
Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

NOTE: All applications are subject to approval and Columbia House reserves the right to reject any application.

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TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA 47808 **66H**

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Be sure to check one box only

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- ☐ **Tape Cassettes** (KX-X)
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- ☐ **12" Stereo Records** (KZ-Z)

Write in numbers of 12 selections

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☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss .....
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Address.....

City.....

State..... Zip Code.....

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APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer

CANADIANS: mail application to U.S.A. address. Your membership will be serviced from Canada. Enrollment plan may differ. Prices slightly higher. P52/S74



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WHO ELSE WANTS TO BEAT THE HORSES?

I'll send you free information in a plain envelope about the same method used by "pros" and "insiders" who regularly take their place at race track payoff windows. We call it Bet-O-Meter. And it's so good that a doctor friend of ours from San Diego informs us that he won $17,000 in two weeks, using Bet-O-Meter at the Caliente track, for Trotters and Thorobreds.

BET-O-METER INFORMATION IS FREE

Sportswriter Santaniello writes "... I came out a winner at all tracks—thoroughbred, harness and even dog races ..." Bet-O-Meter points up only "live" and "hot" horses—but that's only part of the success story. Why not find out for yourself? Write today—Full information is free!

A. G. ILLICH
697 E. 219 St. (Dept. 111AA) Bronx, N.Y. 10467

THE SPORT QUIZ

ANSWERS from page 22

1 a. 2 a. 3 c. 4 b. 5 a. 6 b. 7 a. 8 c. 9 a. 10 c. 11 b. 12 True. 13 Blue—d; Nuxhall—c; Feller—b; Koufax—a. 14 True. 15 c. 16 c.

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DISCOVER AMERICA

Why Do You Have A Poor Memory?

A noted publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique for acquiring a powerful memory which can pay you real dividends in both business and social advancement and works like magic to give you added poise, necessary self-confidence and greater popularity.

According to this publisher, many people do not realize how much they could influence others simply by remembering accurately everything they see, hear, or read. Whether in business, at social functions or even in casual conversations with new acquaintances, there are ways in which you can dominate each situation by your ability to remember.

To acquaint the readers of this publication with the easy-to-follow rules for developing skill in remembering anything you choose to remember, the publishers have printed full details of their self-training method in a new booklet, "Adventures in Memory," which will be mailed free to anyone who requests it. No obligation. Send your name, address, and zip code to: Memory Studies, 555 E. Lange St., Dept. 873-80, Mundelein, Ill. 60060. A postcard will do.

Spent last night in a canyon miles from anywhere. Sure felt good to have solid walls around us!

Nightfall. With a coyote singing you to sleep. That's when you'll appreciate the snug security of a Solid State Apache. The one-of-a-kind camper with solid walls and windows, and a double-thick insulated roof. So no matter where you spend the night, you live more comfortably, and more confidently. Apache camping trailers are priced from $825 to $2195, F.O.B. Lapeer, Mich. See your Apache dealer soon (he's in the Yellow Pages). Or write the Vesely Co., Box 502, Lapeer, Mich. 48446.



Apache Ramada

Solid State Apache '74. Something to write home about.

APACHE VESELY COMPANY

JIMMY LEWIS writes to tell us...

Case #1221

"I lost 6 inches off my waist, 19 pounds of excess weight, 4¼ inches off my hips...shaped up in just 21 days!

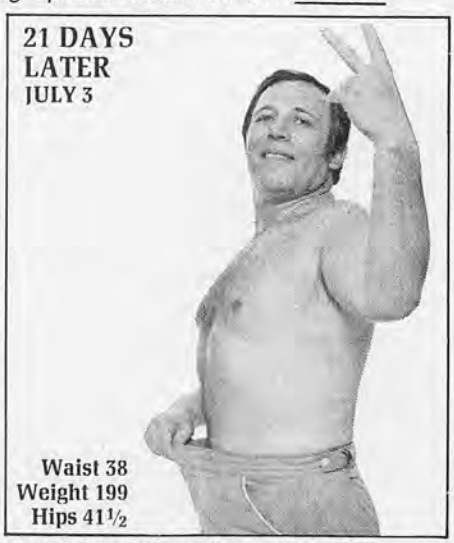
One 5 minute exercise, twice daily, lying on my back, without giving up the foods I love... DID IT!



Jimmy as he looked when he started.



Only 7 days later amazing results — pot almost gone.



After 21 days — Slimmed, reshaped, looking younger, feeling better.

SEE AND FEEL AMAZING RESULTS IN JUST 3 DAYS!!

WHAT IS THIS INGENIOUS PLAN?

The Weider "5" Minute Body Shaper plan is based on doing ONE CONTINUOUS RHYTHMIC CO-ORDINATED EXERCISE while still eating the foods you like. That's all you do! This one five-minute exercise is designed to attack the Waist and Hips (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look) — as well as burn off excess body fat fast by speeding up your metabolism, burning up stored calories and releasing excess water—while reshaping your chest, abdomen, firming up your legs and arms — your total body!

It's safer than strenuous workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts....or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 16 oz. and fits any wallet-sized case. You can carry it and use it wherever there's floor space — anytime. Even while watching television.

WHAT COMES OFF IN 14 DAYS?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14 day period, you can expect to lose up to four inches from your waistline and up to ten pounds off your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. IT TOUGHENS YOU UP. For a '5-Minute Exerciser' — it sure does a lot!

WHAT SATISFIED CUSTOMERS SAY:

Results vary depending on how much overweight each of our students is. Nevertheless, this is a sampling from the impressive letters we receive: **Willie Ellis** — "I lost 3 inches off my waist and 9 pounds in 7 days." **Kent Christensen** — "I lost 5½ inches off my waist and 20 pounds in 10 days." **Marino Zoller, M.D.** — "I lost 2 inches off my waist in 14 days." **Michael Benedict** — "I lost 6 inches off my waist and 22 pounds in 21 days." **Ken Waller** — "I lost 3 inches off my waist in 5 days."

WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY:

Medical Doctors, Chiropractors, Osteopaths, Athletic Coaches....agree its the most successful Waistline-Weight Reducer and Shaping Up Plan ever invented!

"Doctors have always known, exercise done while lying on the back virtually eliminates strains while slimming and reshaping the body. Yours is the finest Body Shaper Program on the market." RICHARD TYLER, D.C.

"Beats jogging and working out in gyms — and much safer. I lost 4½ inches off my waist in 14 days." — JIM HANLEY, famous athletic coach.

"Based on sound physiological and medical knowledge, it burns fat and shapes the body without strain to the heart or other organs. I lost 12 lbs. of excess weight using it." DR. ANITA D. SANTANGELO, Chiropractic Orthopedics

*EXPOSING EFFORTLESS EXERCISERS

Reader's Digest (Sept. 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree...there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body... **you must work the inches off!**

NO GIMMICKS, NO CATCHES
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE OFFER

Because this isn't a "gimmick" plan — and you have been fooled in the past by "effortless exercisers" — I make you this **UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE: "GET IT OFF FAST" — and see measurable and firming results in three days or return the exerciser for a full 100% refund!** Proven results are already verified. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your "5-Minute Total Body Shaper?"

FREE TRIAL OFFER!!

See your exciting new body begin to take shape in 3 days or every penny back!



SEND TODAY

Weight Just 16 oz.





"It took me 21 days to shape up!" says Jimmy Lewis.

'5' MINUTE BODY SHAPER

We Care About The Shape You're In — **DON'T YOU?**

SEND TODAY COMPLETE KIT ONLY **$9.95**

Joseph Weider, Dept. AE/N
Trainer of Champions with Over 2,750,000 Successful Students
"5" MINUTE BODY SHAPER PLAN
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Prove to me I can see results and start shaping up in 3 days! ☐ I enclose $9.95 for "5" Minute Body Shaper & Slimming Course, plus $1.00 for shipping and handling. ☐ SAVE! Order TWO for only $17.95, plus $1.00 for shipping and handling. (No C.O.D.'s please). Enclosed is ☐ check or ☐ money order or ☐ cash for $ _____ (Calif. residents add 5% sales tax.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(Please print clearly)

IN CANADA: "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec.

Patent Pending. Copyright Joe Weider, 1975

PAUL HEMPHILL'S AMERICA



On a breezy afternoon last summer at Candlestick Park in San Francisco, with the Dodgers and the Giants about to go at each other's throats in the middle of a three-game series, I turned to see that the fellow sitting next to me in the press box was Frank Lane. Not the singer. *Trader* Lane, who would swap a dozen bats for an Eskimo usherette if he thought she could help in the pennant drive, now general manager of the Milwaukee Brewers. For me, one who had idolized the old Go-Go White Sox of the early '50s when Lane was upstairs wheeling-and-dealing in the front office and Paul Richards was on the field managing 1-0 and 2-1 victories on guile and speed, it was a distinct pleasure. Maybe we would talk about Jumpin' Jim Rivera and Nellie Fox and Minnie Minoso. Maybe we would talk about celebrated trades Lane had made.

We did talk about those things for awhile, but then we were joined by Al Campaneris of the Dodgers' front office. I was there to do a piece on the Dodgers, with emphasis on their finely-tuned farm system, and the gabby Campaneris rattled on about "the Dodger way of baseball." Somehow we got around to talking about trading for players, instead of growing your own, and Trader Lane shook me to my teeth. "You should avoid trading at all costs," he said.

"You, saying that?"

"I was desperate. I had to, back then. You get 'em coming up regularly in your own system, like the Dodgers do, you're going to be up there for a long time. Look at the old Yankees."

As I write this, we are heading into the dead of the winter. Pro football is rushing down the backstretch toward the Super Bowl. The bowl games are coming up. Tennis is being played indoors. The Bucks and the Celtics are looking good in the National Basketball Association. For us baseball freaks, though, we are now into our second-favorite season of the year: The trading season, when the more dedicated in our ranks sit by the fire late at night with a scratch-pad and concoct deals as though we were so many Frank Lanes.

Some years ago, I heard about a pair of fellows who seriously played this game throughout the baseball off-season. Armed with press brochures and the final big-league averages from the season before, they celebrated the opening of the winter baseball meetings by holding their very own version. Players were swapped without mercy. Suddenly Mantle had gone to the White Sox for the entire pitching staff. The Senators practically swapped ballclubs with the old Browns. When they got together again before Opening Day and projected the final standings, it appeared that every single club had a chance to win 100 games. On paper.

That is the trouble about trades, though. Nearly every one that is made looks wonderful for both sides on paper, but seldom does it work out like that. Horse-trading is fickle because of the intangibles, the outside factors, that go to work on the principals involved. One guy has had a lousy year at, say, San Diego. Another has had a good year in New York, but he is expendable. As it turns out, the first guy hated San Diego and his manager (or maybe his *wife* hated San Diego), but when he was traded to the Mets he led the National League in hitting. And the ex-Met, broken-hearted at being rejected by the club he always wanted to play for (whose wife left all of her friends back in Queens), never regains his snapping curveball in San Diego. A bad trade? "You can't judge a trade after one year," says Lane. "You have to wait until each player has spent two years adjusting before you can tell."

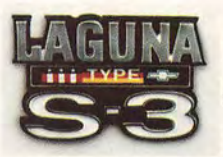
If that is so, then the Atlanta Braves are going to be hell on wheels in '74. The poor Braves have been constantly burned in trades over recent years, seeing such disgruntled players as Joe Torre and Denis Menke and Clay Carroll go on to big years elsewhere. Last winter, after being responsible for 25 players trading uniforms, they were holding their breath. In one trade they gave up second baseman Felix Millan and pitcher George Stone for Mets pitchers Danny Frisella and Gary Gentry. In the other big one, which appeared to be a mugging, they gave the Orioles unhappy catcher Earl Williams for second baseman Davy Johnson and catcher Johnny Oates and pitchers Pat Dobson and Roric Harrison. Lost in the commotion was an even-up swap of pitchers with Montreal: Pat Jarvis for the Expos' Carl Morton.

So what happens? Millan hits .290, Stone goes 12-3, and the Mets are in the Series. Gentry and Frisella go 5-8 together, and can't raise their arms anymore. Davy Johnson breaks Rogers Hornsby's home run record for second basemen, but makes the Braves' infield even leakier; Dobson, the former 20-game winner, is sent packing after two months; Oates is hurt and can't throw out runners; Harrison is showing flashes, but not consistently; and meanwhile, at Baltimore, Williams is hitting home runs the Orioles badly need.

As usual, in line with the Lane theory, the jury must stay out for a while. Some of the Cardinals told me last summer that they felt Harrison would be a 20-game winner for a long time with the Braves. Surely, Johnson learned to play second better than that at Baltimore beside Mark Belanger and Brooks Robinson. And the Braves *did* improve themselves in the Jarvis-for-Morton swap. Maybe by spring Gentry and Frisella will be able to comb their hair.

In the meantime, an awful lot of marginal major-league players—the light-hitting first basemen and the weak-armed shortstops and the ponderous outfielders—are keeping an eye on the six o'clock news.

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Extra Milds, 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method; Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73